THE BYSTANDER
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AUGUST 19, 1931
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the BYSTANDER

Bassano

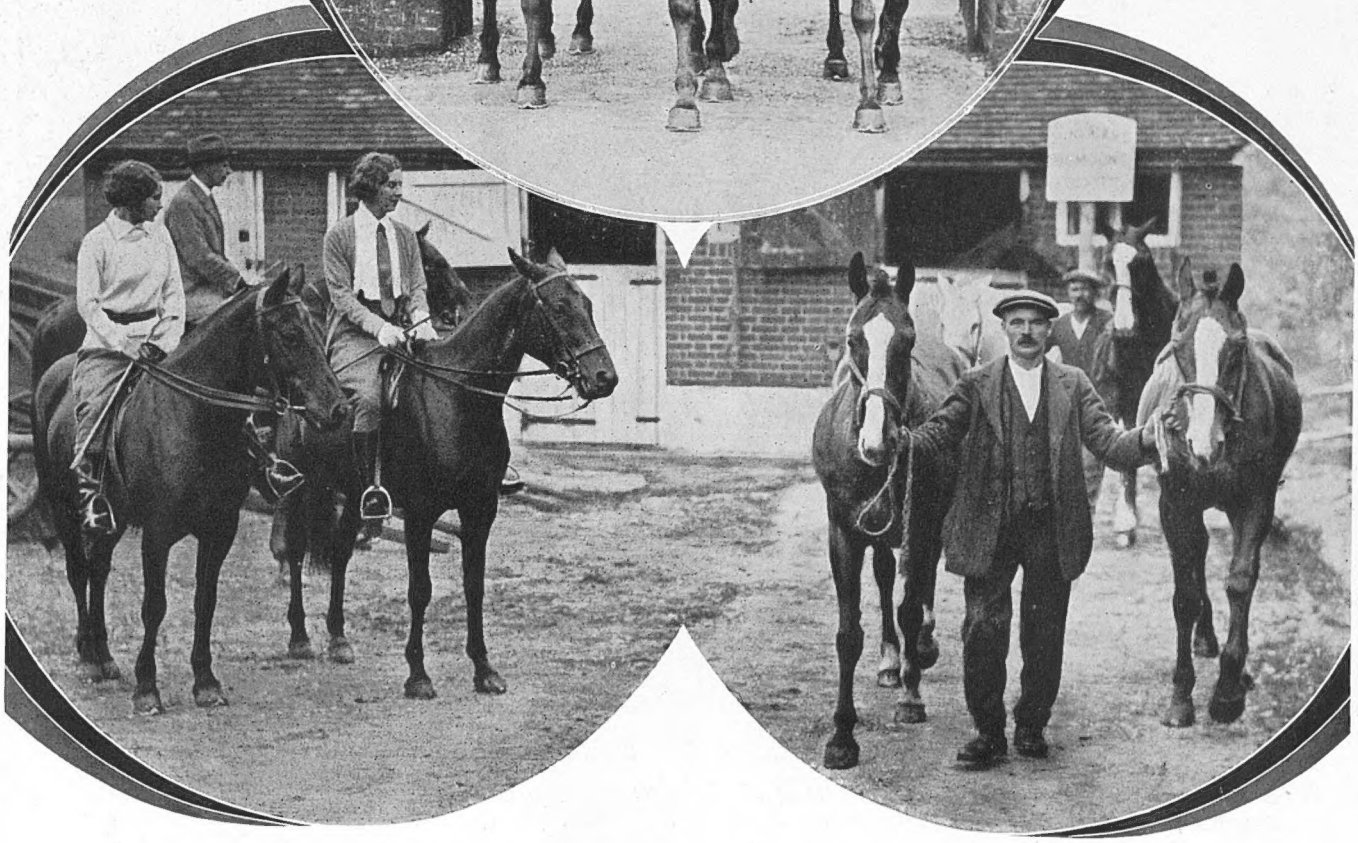
LADY VIOLET PAKENHAM

A new studio portrait of the third daughter of the Dowager Countess of Longford and sister of the Earl of Longford, who succeeded to the title on the death of his father, who was killed in action at Gallipoli in 1915. Her mother is the daughter of the seventh Earl of Jersey and an aunt of the present Earl

BRITAIN'S ONLY REMOUNT DEPOT

Above: A scene at the Pinckard Remount Depot, Combe Court, Chiddingfold, showing a round-up of mules. The ground was given to the War Office in 1911 for a period of 21 years by Mr. George Pinckard to assist in breaking-in and training horses and mules for the Army, and represents a gift of £20,000.

Inset: Mr. George Pinckard with his daughters, Cherry (left) and Carol. Below: Watching horses which they have broken in leaving for Aldershot to take up their Army duties. Mr. Pinckard's patriotism seems to have been taken as a matter of course by the Government



the passing hour

Good-bye to all that! Mr. J. R. Clynes and Mr. J. H. Thomas in more or less holiday attire, with the latter's little grandson, on the beach at Hove whence they were urgently summoned back to Downing Street, duty, and the vexed question of Economy

Mr. Philip Snowden refusing to look anything but happy when called back to Downing Street from his holiday. Not even the financial crisis could make him assume his usual look of austerity

THE financial crisis brought about by the extravagance of the Labour Government has come at last, and instead of the moors and holiday resorts both at home and abroad being featured in the newspapers, as is usual in August, most space is being devoted to London, whither have returned the politicians from their very short holidays.

S

THE Premier scurried back from Scotland, Mr. Clynes and Mr. Thomas were dragged from basking (weather permitting) on Brighton's beach, and Mr. "Uncle Arthur" Henderson from drinking the waters of Llandrindod Wells. Mr. "Wullie" Graham arrived from nowhere in particular, and Mr. Snowden, who had not far to go, doubtless greeted his colleagues with "I told you so."

BUT why did these eminent politicians only a few days ago dash off holiday-making merely to be brought back again so soon? When Parliament stopped sitting the financial situation was no worse—if assuredly no better—than before. The May report had been read and blissfully shelved. Evidently the "big noises" were supremely unconscious of a crisis, otherwise they would have saved both time and money by stopping in Town.

S

WAS it the big banks and financial houses which cried halt to the orgy of extravagance? Just as when the private individual receives a polite but firm reminder from his bank manager that not only is there an overdraft, but that something must be done about it, so may have the Government learnt that a happy-go-lucky financial policy must cease forthwith, or good-bye for ever so long to that Conversion Scheme which Mr. Snowden has been longing to put on the market—which would save millions a year, and which can only be done with their assistance.

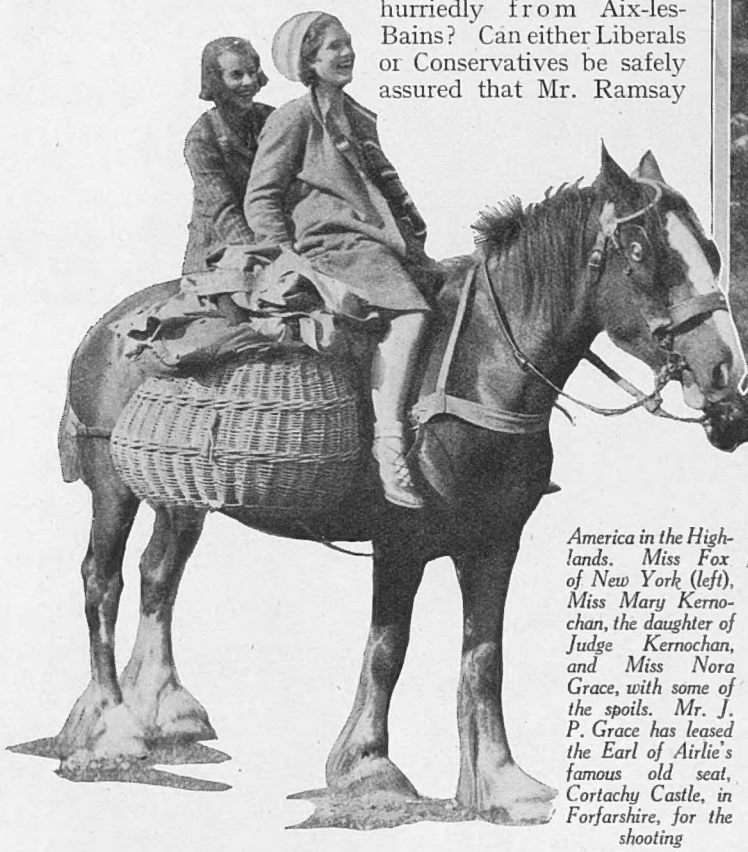
Mr. "Wullie" Graham, the President of the Board of Trade, another victim of the Prime Minister's S.O.S. Perhaps the wet weather is the reason that enables him to face the curtailment of his holiday with equanimity

THE CABINET AND THE CRISIS

JUST the same pistol was placed at the heads of politicians in Australia recently—and the banks won! A Labour Government "vowing it would ne'er consent—consented," and, calling in aid the opposition leaders, economy became the order of the day. The egregious Mr. Lang, Premier of New South Wales, alone held out for a time, but even he has been compelled to knuckle under to prevent that State going bankrupt.

S

THE future is interesting, even exciting. Personally, I believe the Premier is all for economy, and so is Mr. Snowden, but what about their followers? What have the Labour Government to offer to the Opposition, whose aid is obviously being enlisted since Mr. Baldwin returned hurriedly from Aix-les-Bains? Can either Liberals or Conservatives be safely assured that Mr. Ramsay



America in the Highlands. Miss Fox of New York (left), Miss Mary Kernochan, the daughter of Judge Kernochan, and Miss Nora Grace, with some of the spoils. Mr. J. P. Grace has leased the Earl of Airlie's famous old seat, Cortachy Castle, in Forfarshire, for the shooting

Colonel A. M. P. Lyle leading his shooting party to the butts at Riemore, on the Perthshire moors, near Loch Ordie, seen in the background. Shorts, it will be noticed, have replaced the more cumbersome "plus fours." Following are Colonel Couper, Miss Dorothea and Messrs. Ian, Robin, and Michael Lyle

Members of Sir Frederic Aykroyd's shoot photographed before moving off for the day's sport on Stean Moor, Nidderdale, near Harrogate. The group includes the host, seated second from the right, Sir Thomas Lawson-Tancred. Colonel Tetley, Lieut.-Colonel H. Mallinson, Colonel H. Bateman, Mr. Malcolm Hodgson, Mr. C. J. C. Richworth, Mr. J. H. C. Hodgson, and his son and daughter, Mr. Howard Aykroyd and Mrs. George Aykroyd

A. D. C.s AND MATRIMONY

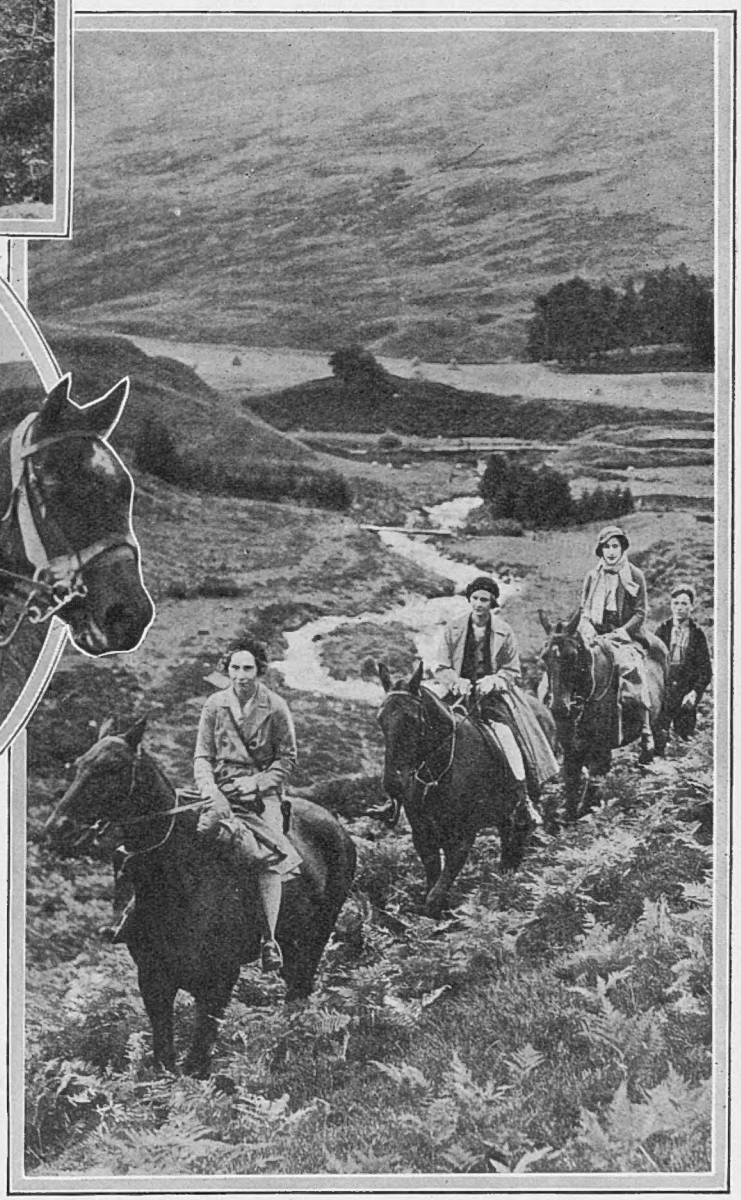
Sir Frederic Aykroyd (left) returning from the butts. Appearances to the contrary, he is unaware that he is drawing attention to the charming figures on the far left!

MacDonald will carry his party with him? He who sups with the Premier should use a long spoon, and the Conservative Party will be ill-advised if it bolsters up a tottering Labour Government at the price of a sacrifice of convictions. Economy is essential, but so is Protection.

THE official announcement of the engagement of Lady May Cambridge to Captain Abel Smith has automatically dispelled a certain rumour which is now at least two years old. It was most persistent about a year ago. Lady May is one of the prettiest Royalties alive, and is a great friend of Princess Ingrid of Sweden. The fact that Captain Abel Smith was A.D.C. to Lord Athlone adds yet another to the long list of post-war romances which have resulted from the young man in each instance having held this job.

AS soon as you become an A.D.C., in fact, it may be taken for granted that you will be married within the year. Indeed, it is rather understood that you announce your engagement to the prettiest girl in the place where you are stationed just a week before you sail for England. In this way it maintains pleasurable excitement among the feminine population for as long as possible. The numbers of A.D.C.s who have not got married is certainly remarkably small, and as for one who was married or even engaged before he went out . . . well, try to think of a few.

THE marriage of Lord Reading will have brought the former Viceroy hundreds of congratulations from all over the world. He is one of the handsomest men of his age alive, and it would be difficult to find anyone with



On the way to the butts. Princess André Poniatowska, the Comtesse H. de Boisgelin and the Vicomtesse de Rochechouart en route to the moors from Achnafree Lodge, near Amulree, in Perthshire

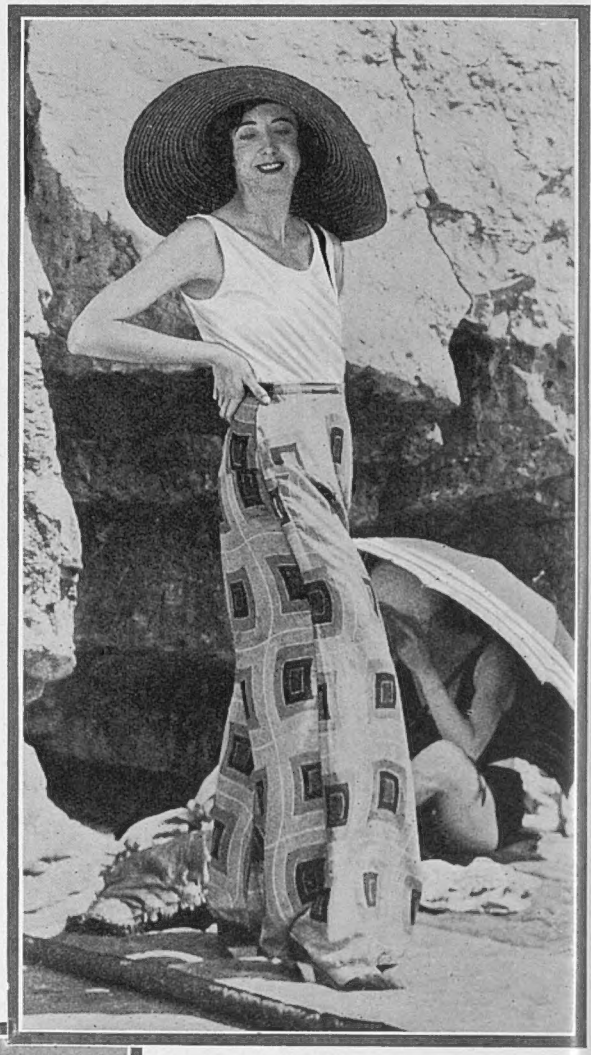
IN SEARCH OF THE SUN

MISS PEGGY HEILBRON

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. Clifford E. Davis. Her fiancé, who gained his Blue for Athletics at Cambridge, represented Oxford and Cambridge in the Mile against Harvard in 1923, and also represented South Africa in the Olympic Games of 1924

IT certainly looks as if Juan-les-Pins and Cap d'Antibes have come to stay as far as popularity among English people is concerned. Our 28 wet week-ends have made everyone crave for the sun, and you are never disappointed over that on the Riviera at this time of year. With the new fashions, though, women will have to be careful about sunburn. The new "disturbed" silhouette will look still more disturbed if the wearer has a real Mediterranean tan.

LORD PORTARLINGTON and his son, Lord Carlow, are both down in the South of France, where the Marquise de Casa Maury has already achieved a recklessly mahogany tint. Lady Brecknock is there too, while the Duke and Duchess of Westminster are expected at Monte Carlo. The Duke, who has a charming habit of referring to all other Dukes as "my colleagues," very much prefers trente et quarante to chemin de fer, which accounts for his choice of Monte Carlo over Juan-les-Pins.



THE WORLD OF BOOKS ON THE RIVIERA

Mrs. Arthur McGrath, the explorer and writer, who is so well known as Rosita Forbes, in beach pyjamas and an outsize in sun hats, and Noel Coward, in a severely practical rig-out, enjoying the sun at Eden Roc, Cap d'Antibes

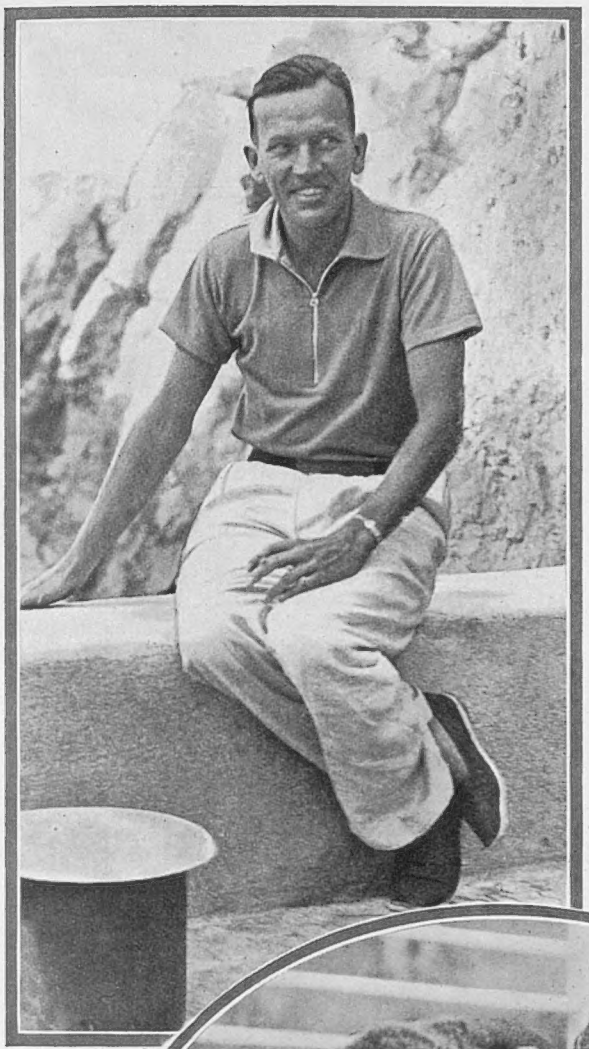
POOR Marlene Dietrich! But one supposes it was bound to happen sooner or later—that she would be sued by somebody or other for alienation of affections. Mrs Von Sternburg happens to be the one. That is all. Only last week La Dietrich began on a new film, and telephoned from Hollywood to Conrad Veidt about it. Veidt is in Berlin making a big picture for Ufa, the biggest they have made since 1926.

WHEN Marlene Dietrich was in London for one night I managed to see

fewer enemies. Lady Louis Mountbatten is also to be congratulated for a different reason. I refer to her rescue from possible drowning at Cap d'Antibes. I have bathed there many times, and just because the water is so blue and warm and there are so many people there it would be quite easy to go under without anyone noticing the fact.

Don Juan, the son of the King of Spain, Don Alvaro of Orleans-Bourbon his brother Don Alonzo, his fiancée, the Infanta Beatriz of Spain, and the Infanta Maria Christina, landing after taking part in the Portaferry regatta on Strangford Loch, Co. Down. They were the guests of the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry, at Mount Stewart

HORSES FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK



sible so as to hide their proportions.

ANOTHER German of a different calibre who is now in America—or on his way to it—is Udet, the German air ace, who in the War was second only to Baron von Richthofen. Udet, you will remember, did stunt flying at Heston on King's Cup day in front of the Duke and Duchess of York. Now he is off to Cleveland, Ohio, to do some more. He is a small, chubby, little man, and is a real comedian. He caricatures admirably. He also does imitations. The other day he was wanting to know from me how to put on a Welsh, Irish and Cockney accent with which to startle his American hosts. You would never suppose that he had sixty-two French aeroplanes officially credited to him in the War.

RECENTLY in Berlin he met René Fonck, the French air-ace, whom he had fought many times in the War. Both knew each other's machine, but neither could put the other down. They met socially at Horcher's, Germany's most famous restaurant, where everyone, from Gene Tunney and Charlie Chaplin upwards,

Mr. E. Phillips Oppenheim, another literary light at Cap d'Antibes, with his pet marmoset. "Oppie," as he is known to his vast army of friends, has long made his home on the Riviera where he has a delightful villa at Cagnes

something of her, and she seemed to be much more beautiful off the screen than on it. Her Titian hair does not come out in a picture, and her eyes are even more magnificent than you would expect. On the other hand, the cameraman obscures the fact that she has rather heavy shoulders. These are always draped when pc-

RACING HINTS

By "Old Orkney"

GLISSADE was supported for fair amounts at Nottingham, and as the race was run backers were unlucky not to draw. Homer got home by a head only. The distance was five furlongs. Losses will be recovered.

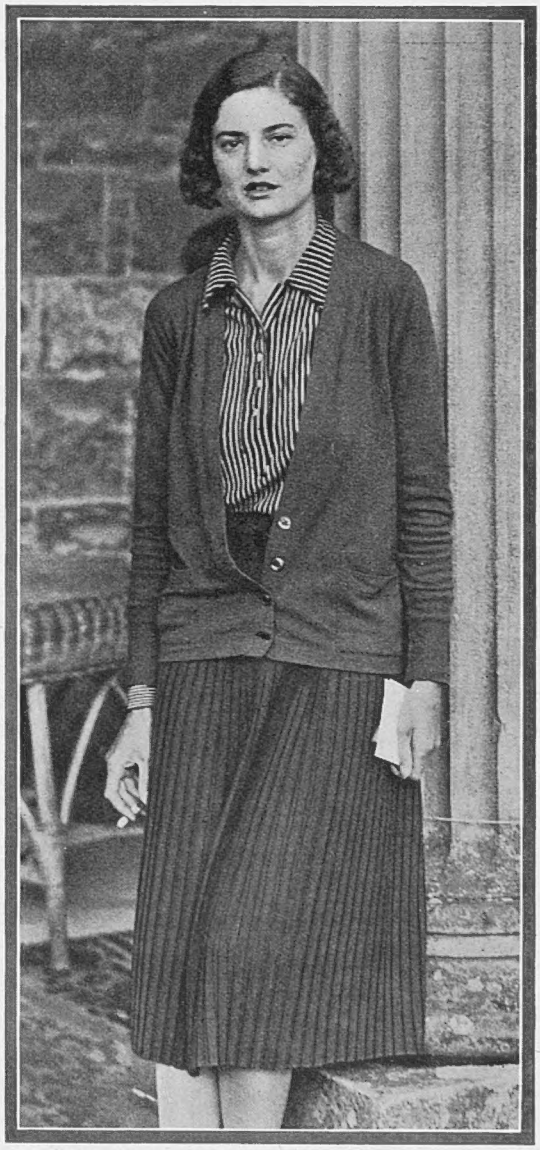
VERMEIL improves with each appearance. Fought out a close finish in game fashion at Lewes to suffer a head defeat. Was backed heavily in the last few minutes. A genuine animal that will pay to follow.

HIGH POINTER will pay his way over sprint distances. Carried notable wagers at Lewes and with luck would have landed the odds. Is very fit just now.

DIAMANTEE was up against something very hot in Baker's Dozen at Kempton, but stayed the six furlongs splendidly. Was genuinely supported, and was always going well.

CHARLWOOD give his supporters a good run for their money at Kempton. Was backed each way and finished third. Follow up over seven furlongs and a mile.

SILVANI is a very consistent two-year-old who has yet to score his first success. Continue to support with confidence.



MISS ROMAINE COMBE

Lord Castlereagh's fiancée, photographed at a house party at Mount Stewart, the Irish seat of Lord Castlereagh's parents, the Marquess and Marchioness of Londonderry

THE DUNSTER CASTLE PAGEANT

Mr. Robin Darwin, the son of Major Bernard Darwin, the golfer, and a great grandson of the famous scientist, Charles Darwin, and Miss Yvonne Darby, after their wedding at St. Luke's, Chelsea. Bride and bridegroom, who are both artists, first met as students at the Slade School

signs his name—if he is anybody at all. Germany, by the way, has been full of English visitors recently—among them Lord Alington, Mr. Hugh Lygon, Lord Beauchamp, Mr. Peter Rodd, and Lord Borodale. Lord Borodale and a friend hired a second-hand machine a fortnight ago and have been flying round Germany ever since.

THE Biarritz season is now just getting started and will soon be in full swing. Lord Inverclyde, who gave such a good party in London the other night, told me that he thought of going off there for part of August. Any number of G.B. number plates are already to be seen outside the Casino, the Miramar, and the Palais. At the latter hotel is the Marquis del Torre de Alta, who paints professionally under the bourgeois name of Albert Schmidt. Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill have also arrived at Biarritz.

SCOTLAND, though the Americans are few and far between, has been filling up fast with well-knowns. Sir John and Lady Ward have gone to Kinnaird, in Perthshire, for two months, which is about the same length of time that Lady Evelyn Cobbold proposes to spend north of the Tweed. Lady Sandhurst is on a round of visits in Scotland. Mr. and Mrs. Walter Runciman are cruising on the West Coast. Lord Lyell is at Kirriemuir. Lord and Lady Blandford have gone north. So have Lord Altamont, Lord and Lady Sinclair, and Lord Faringdon.

THAT wonderful couple, Lord and Lady Huntly, have gone to Aix-les-Bains, from which place Mr. Baldwin returned suddenly, thanks to the monetary crisis, and where Lord and Lady Headfort have been doing a brief cure in the course of a continental motor tour. Lord and Lady Allenby are also on the Continent, and

Henry VIII and his Court in one of the episodes in the Elizabethan Pageant, held last week at historic old Dunster Castle, Somerset, owned by Mr. G. F. Luttrell, who himself represented the much-married monarch. Although Henry VIII certainly went the pace, the photograph on the left is the first to suggest that he did so with motor cycle and sidecar!

A WEDDING AND TWO ENGAGEMENTS

will not be going to Scotland for another fortnight or so.

AMONG the new young mothers must now be counted Mrs. John Drury-Lowe, who has just given birth to a son at 105, Gloucester Place. Mrs. Drury-Lowe has thus emulated the feat of her closest friends, Lady Dufferin and Mrs. Philip Kindersley. It was, indeed, at the Embassy Club on the night that Lady Dufferin was married that she became engaged to Mr. Drury-Lowe. For the previous three or four seasons she always used to stay with the Misses Maureen, Aileen and Oonagh Guinness, as they then were.

LE TOUQUET, from all accounts, is doing better business than any other resort on the Continent. The English contingent is larger than ever. Lord and Lady Chesham, Lord Ashfield, Lord Rosslyn, and Sir Reginald and Lady Bonsor have been much in evidence. Watching the play at the high table have been Lady Burney, Sir Richard Cooper and Lord Willoughby de Eresby. The new golf course, too, is proving a great attraction, and is always full.

Capt. Samuel Heygate Lefroy Key, York and Lancaster Regiment, and Miss Grace Marjery Atcherley, with the bridal escort, after their wedding at St. Oswald's, Fulford, Yorks. The bride is the younger daughter of Major-General Sir Llewellyn and Lady Atcherley, and a sister of Flight-Lieut. Atcherley, the Schneider Trophy pilot

Lady Jean Dalrymple, the elder daughter of the Earl and Countess of Stair, and her fiancé, Mr. Niall Rankin, enjoying a morning stroll. Mr. Rankin, who is the younger son of Sir Reginald and Lady Rankin, is a keen naturalist, and has explored with a North-Polar expedition

Bassano

MISS HEATHER HARRISON-BROADLEY

Whose engagement has been announced to Mr. John L. R. Blunt, the eldest son of Sir John and Lady Blunt of Huntleys, near Tunbridge Wells. She is the youngest daughter of Capt. J Harrison-Broadley, M.F.H., of Brough, East Yorks, and of Mrs. Harrison-Broadley, of Aboyne, Aberdeenshire

Lenare

MRS. JOHN DRURY-LOWE

The wife of Mr. John Drury-Lowe, Scots Guards. She recently gave birth to a son at their home in Gloucester Place

GROSVENOR—MAYFAIR

NORTH-OF-THE-TWEED double owe-owe-owe. . . . Hello! . . . . Hello! . . . Hoots . . . but canna ye ken it's London speaking? . . . Hello? Baa, enjoying yourself? . . . good . . . the Glamis garden party was fun! . . . do tell me about it. . . The Duchess of York was in turquoise blue . . . one of her favourite colours . . . and Princess Elizabeth in pink. . . .Who else looked lovely? . . . Rachel Bowes-Lyon . . . and, of course, Princess Margaret was the belle of the party. . . How everyone loves a baby of high or low degree . . . and Princess Margaret is adorable, I think. . . . How did you enjoy the twelfth? . . . I saw Mary Blandford and "Babe," who had hopes of a good bag. . . . I think Mary is so distinguished . . . and just now she is looking particularly beautiful. . . . .

AT Euston I caught a glimpse of the new Lord Knutsford climbing into his sleeper. . . . . His friends are all hoping he will have a good holiday, for the death of his twin brother has affected him very deeply. . . . He was off to Speyside . . . from where I hear great reports of the grouse. . . George Macpherson-Grant lives in that part of the world. . . . I always think he is quite the smartest sportsman I know . . . he invariably wears bright red stockings . . . and a white silk shirt. . . .

* * *

I HEAR the weather at Biarritz is lovely. . . . Bertha Baron has a villa there, and her two little girls have enjoyed every minute of their stay. Jane O'Malley-Keyes lives there with her enormous family . . . her eldest daughter came out this season, and had the distinction and fun of being chaperoned by her father, "Middy," who is one of the most charming men and splendid company. . . .

* * *

A VERY busy mother who is generally entertaining young parties this time of year is Mrs. Gray-Cheape . . . she has her house parties as usual . . . but she is also arranging her eldest daughter's trousseau. . . . Carsina is marrying Peter Dudgeon in September . . . and leaving Scotland for Malta. . . . Carse-Gray, her home in Forfar, is a charming house with delightful grounds . . . and a little rough shooting for the many guests who are entertained there. . . .

* * *

ROSEMARY DRURY-LOWE is delighted with her small son . . . she had set her heart on a boy. . . . Rosemary is so pretty, with her golden hair and perfect complexion, and her husband is so handsome . . . that if the child inherits even a portion of their good looks . . . he will break many girlish hearts in the future. . . .

* * *

WE are so used to talking about the South of France that I feel we are inclined to forget the North . . . but Le Touquet is quite crowded . . . the Prince of Wales stopped with the Dudleys for a few nights on his way to Biarritz . . . and his friends, the Lawson-Johnstons, with whom he has been about so much this season, were playing at the Casino. . . .

* * *

BY the way, Baa, dear . . . have you seen the new orange-coloured jumpers in rough silk . . . they are to be the rage this autumn. . . . It is the most violent colour you can imagine, and yet unlike the usual shades . . . it is extremely becoming to the complexion. . . . At the moment Paris is using it for sports clothes . . . but there is a whisper of velvets and chiffons in store. . . .

* * *

HAVE you heard about the well-known man who entered the wrong villa in mistake, the first evening of his arrival at Deauville . . . and found . . . well, a very near relation . . . coincidence can be very cruel at times. . . .

* * *

YET another garage in Farm Street is being converted . . . it will soon be the most delightful street in Mayfair . . . this time by Violet Karslake, a pretty Canadian, who visits us very often. . . . Violet has perfect taste in clothes, and her friends tell me that her new house is a dream of pickled oak and chintz. . . . Well, darling . . . I must ring off now and leave you to the haggis. . . . Are you going to the Crieff Games? . . they promise to be fun. . . . Love to the Hie'land folk. . . . Good-bye. . . .

GOLDEN WEDDING FESTIVITIES AT GLAMIS CASTLE

The Earl and Countess of Strathmore, the parents of the Duchess of York, recently celebrated their golden wedding at their historical Scottish seat, Glamis Castle, which, the Earl has hinted, may have to be closed owing to the crushing burden of taxation. The festivities included a garden party, a general view of which is seen in the top photograph. The Earl and Countess are seen in the lower photograph on the right on their way to receive their guests, and on the left are the Duke and Duchess of York with Princess Elizabeth in the Castle grounds

AT THE PLAY

FUN ON A BATTLE

SKETCHES OF "THE MIDSHIPMAID," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE, BY H. H. HARRIS

On board H.M.S. Crusader. Able Seaman Pook (A. W. Baskcomb), perched up aloft, cleans the paintwork, while, below, the pompous Sir Percy Newbiggin, M.P., an unwelcome visitor to the ship, has an idea that the fine weather is over

"The Midshipmaid," at the Shaftesbury

SHIVER my timbers, heave ho, my hearties, *The Midshipmaid*, by Ian Hay and Commander King-Hall, should go great guns from the start, for this is by far the funniest play with a naval setting which I have ever seen.

THE plot and love story, in which Basil Foster as Commander ffosbery, and Jane Baxter as Celia Newbiggin, the pretty daughter of a fussy M.P., are the principals, don't really matter two hoots of a siren. It is in the entertainment got up to provide delectation for Sir Percy Newbiggin, M.P., an unwelcome visitor on H.M.S. Crusader, stationed at Malta, which is even liable to make the famous cats ashore giggle while drinking their milk.

A PLAY with an all-male cast, or as male as Shakespeare could make it, was first suggested, but after an audition of the talent aboard it was decided to plump for a variety entertainment, with turns from quarter and lower deck. A wise decision.

A TURRET of strength is found in Able-Seaman Pook (A. W. Baskcomb), a lugubrious lump of versatility, who can give an imitation of his betters—not approved of; sing a sentimental ballad if called upon, and can also recite if he keeps his eyes shut. I may explain that he adopts that method for the reason that he remembers his words better if he does, and also because he is then unable to see his dear friends in the back rows making gestures with their hands to indicate a yawn!

THEN Marine Bundy, in the person of S. Victor Stanley, can do a step-dance; Bandmaster Tappett (Roger Maxwell) may be relied on to keep his "orchestra" in time even from an elevated position on a pair of steps; while Major Spink, R.M. (Michael Shepley), is an adept singer of drinking songs as long as he has his mug—the one he carries in his hand—filled with glorious beer after each verse.

THROW in a pierrot turn by various officers, ably assisted by Miss Newbiggin and a couple of twins, all of whom are chaperoned by Mary Clare as Lady Mildred Martin, a perfect shut-eyed sentry, and you have the nucleus of first-rate fun of a "pantomime rehearsal" brand.

BUT just to keep the pot up to boiling point, let me commend to your notice the intelligent horse, the hind part of which is played by Major Spink. To watch the front portion, filled by one of the lower deck and forgetful of his disguise, standing to attention while

Private theatricals being rehearsed, Commander ffosbery programme, by the property horse. Hindquarters by egged on by Marine

Commander ffosbery (Basil Foster), chief of a cutting-out expedition which secures a prize, Celia Newbiggin (Jane Baxter)

SHIP — By Vernon Woodhouse

Basil Foster) and Celia Newbiggin (Jane Baxter) are interrupted in a spot of love-making, not in the official Major in the Marines (Michael Shepley), and the rest of the animal by a mere Marine (D. J. Williams), Bundy (S. Victor Stanley)

the hindquarters become irascible is a treat for sore eyes, and out-Griffiths the Griffiths Brothers.

SOME highbrow persons may call this high-spirited fun harsh names, and suggest that *The Midshipmaid* is a poor play. I agree the play, like the plot, is of no account except as a peg on which to hang some most entertaining incidents, made all the more funny by the austerity of a naval background and by the Parliamentary pomposity of Clive Currie as Sir Percy Newbiggin, M.P., whose pretty daughter finally does him in the eye and becomes engaged to the Commander of her choice, and free of the Lord who was her father's.

YOU can take it from me that *The Midshipmaid,* with its happy-go-lucky humour and good character drawing, is a play to see if you enjoy a hearty laugh, and that H.M.S. Crusader will be stationed at Shaftesbury Avenue as well as Malta for ever so long.

Gordon Craig and the Theatre

A "RECORD AND INTERPRETATION" of Gordon Craig by Enid Rose (Sampson Low, 12*s.* 6*d.* net) has lately been published, with a dedicatory foreword by George Jean Nathan which does not lack in fulsome adoration. Having read every word in the 222 pages, I still remain in doubt as to the precise benefit which Mr. Gordon Craig's methods would bring to the stage at large.

A PHRASE used at fairs and such like used to be "A penny more and up goes the donkey." Just a further copper and the donkey would climb the ladder. It seems to me that, like the donkey in the fair, that extra penny has never been forthcoming to show how Mr. Gordon Craig, by his own unaided genius, could revolutionise the art of the stage, and, what is more, this book leaves one in serious doubt as to how he could do it!

MR. GEORGE JEAN NATHAN talks of the drama that had been bound in the fetters of incomprehension being suddenly released and given wings, but one of the most difficult things to find in this book is a straightforward description of any production by Mr. Gordon Craig when he gives those wings to the drama!

Mention is made of one production for his mother, Ellen Terry, in 1903, which hardly seems to have set the Thames on fire; another for the Moscow Art Theatre in 1908; and a third at the State Theatre at Copenhagen in 1926.

Strange as it may appear, "the fetters of incomprehension" then untied, which should surely have taught the world something new, have never been universally accepted—perhaps for the reason that there was nothing much to accept.

What I gather Mr. Gordon Craig is looking for is some millionaire lover of the drama who will give him a free hand and unlimited capital to create the theatre of his dreams. Then, indeed, we shall see what we shall see! It is even possible that we may then be privileged to note the effect on the cast of one of the lessons Mr. Gordon Craig set his pupils at his school in Italy. This was "to note the colours, forms, and movements of animals and birds, and derive from them something which would contribute to dramatic expression." From this one may deduce that the genius of Mr. Gordon Craig is severely practical! Just a penny more and up goes . . . Mr. Gordon Craig! V. W.

Able Seaman Pook (A. W. Baskcomb), a fat fellow who revels in the poetry of Longfellow

"Pixie and Trixie" — By Reginald Arkell

MISS HELENA PICKARD, who in private life is Mrs. Cedric Hardwicke, and Miss Beatrix Thompson are joint managers of the little Grafton Theatre where they stage plays, but never musical shows. But though they are associated with the more serious side of the drama they can relax upon occasions, and often perform in private a "double-sister" turn which has any American dual act beaten all ends up! Mr. Reginald Arkell has written some verses which "Pixie and Trixie" give forth as a duet in parties and places where they sing!

WE'VE always longed to sing and dance,
We're wasted in "Legit."
We're sure if we had half a chance
That we should make a hit.

We love Jack Hulbert's splendid chin
And Jack Buchanan's eyes.
We're dying to Stand Up and Sing
In Folly To Be Wise.

When William Shakespeare started to
Be played in modern dress
We really thought our chance had come,
We did, we must confess.

We hadn't played in Shakespeare, but
We longed to have a shot.
Was it to be, or not to be?
Well, frankly, it was NOT.

We're Good Companions *on the Stage*
Our hope springs Evergreen.
We'll try to be Good Losers *when*
Lean Harvests *are foreseen.*

And After All *we've* London Wall,
We've Henson, Hicks and Lynn
To make these Isles a Land of Smiles
To breed the White Horse Inn.

Sir Barry Jackson rules our Stage
And so does Alec Rea,
And so does Mr. J. L. Sacks
And so, of course, do we.

But now Sir Harold Wernher comes
With cheque-book and with pen—
He's bought nine theatres to date
And ours will make it ten.

This hiking game is all the rage
And we must hit the track.
I think my husband means to hike
To Malvern Hills and back.

He started training recently
I'm sure *it isn't right.*
He hikes as far as Leicester Square
And hikes and hikes all *night.*

P.S.—I met her husband yesterday,
I think he's simply sweet.
His name is Mr. Barrett and
He lives in Wimpole Street.

THE THEATRE OF TO-DAY

A SERIES BY NORMAN HILLSON

II—THE MANAGERS

DECORATIONS BY AUBREY HAMMOND

I KNOW a West End manager who has lately had a succession of failures. When he has a failure which is more pronounced than the last one he calls up his friends in the newspaper world and asks them if they would like an interview on the slump in the theatre. It is his way of explaining away his own incompetence.

He is one of those men who go round crying slump when there is no slump.

A day or two ago, in Hodgson's famous book sale rooms in Chancery Lane, I happened to remark to one of the Hodgson brothers,

"This is such a bad time to sell anything."

"I would not say that," said Mr. Hodgson. "Trade depression has not affected really fine books. If you have a first-class book to sell there is any amount of money waiting for it. But if it is not of the first quality, then it may go for a song."

I HAVE been thinking of these words in connection with all this talk of the so-called theatrical slump. Looking round me, and remembering the fates and triumphs of plays in the last two years, I have come to the conclusion that the world of the theatre is very like the world of books. There is a big public for anything that is first-rate in the theatre, just as there is big money for really fine specimens of old books. There has never been a slump in those things which are superlatively good. But the great public has neither time, patience, nor money for the second-rate in the theatre.

I will go even further. The public is now very discerning in regard to the talkies. They are no longer a novelty, and the present-day talkie has to be a fine entertainment if it is to attract the attention of the million. Otherwise it might just as well remain in its fireproof boxes in Wardour Street cellars. It would be cheaper in the long run.

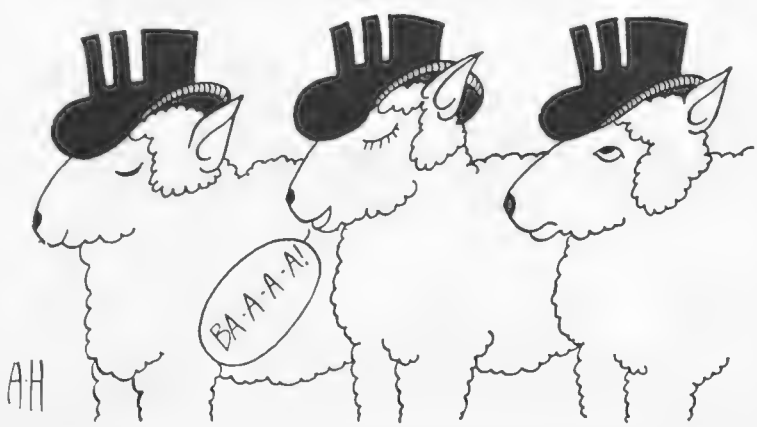
The theatre in London is not suffering from the indefinable disease called slump. It is grievously ill from the gnat-bites of a whole host of men who pass under the general heading of theatrical managers. Many of these men have no moral or material right to be in the theatre business at all. Quite a number of them fancy they have fulfilled their part of the bargain when they see their name printed on a double-crown poster just beneath the words "Licensed by the Lord Chamberlain to . . ." One would imagine that some of them have put on plays which they had not read previous to rehearsal. And failure comes knocking on their gates—by which I mean the public is not dragooned into the theatres any more by bad plays, old-time traditions, nor the blandishments of Press agents and publicity stunts—they excuse their own incompetence by the lugubrious murmur, "It is the slump."

"It is the slump"

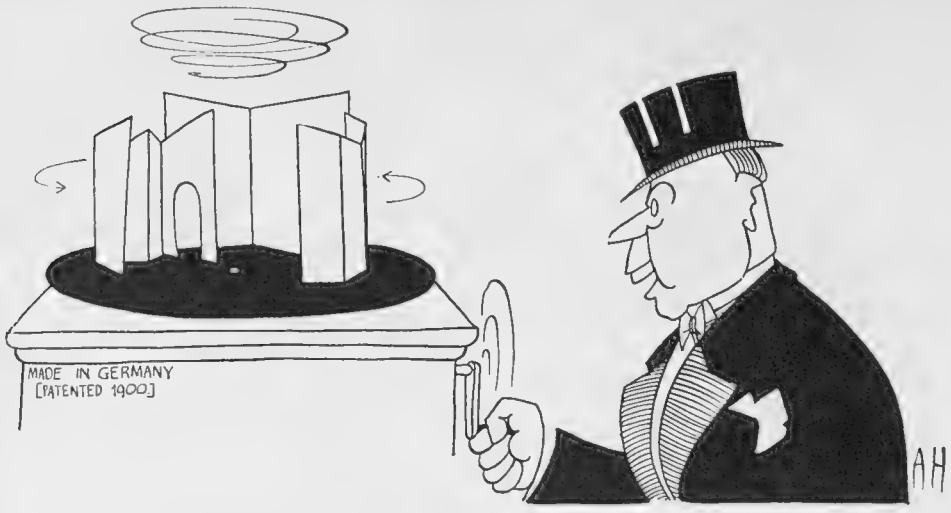
AT the same time there is a certain section of London journalism which flourishes on gloom. From time to time we see printed tables of the plays produced since the beginning of the year which have run for five or six nights. These tables are usually headed with some reference to the so-called slump. There is never any attention drawn to the fact that in nearly every case not one of the plays which failed to draw the public should have been produced in the first place.

It is obviously unfair to conclude that because a succession of drivelling plays put on by unimaginative managers flops dismally, the theatre is in a parlous condition. If every play, good, bad, and indifferent, suffered the same fate, the word "slump" would have tremendous significance. But good shows in our decayed theatre thrive as much as ever. There are tens of thousands of people who manage to find twelve shillings and sixpence to pay for a stall for a play which *is* a play, or a musical comedy which possesses both humour and music.

There is another aspect of this curious history which is worthy of attention. The managers who invented the slump are those with the largest number of failures recorded on their balance-sheets. The competent managers who know their business study the public taste and get on with the tiresome job of producing approximately the right kind of plays. If they have a failure they keep quiet about it. They look around for a show which is likely to be a success. That is what the slump-mongers do not understand. These last-named always remind me in their attitude of Edmund Burke's grasshoppers. "Pray do not imagine that those who make the noise are the only inhabitants of the field; or that, after all, they are other than the little, shrivelled, meagre, hopping—though loud and troublesome—insects of the hour."



"Men who pass under the general heading of theatrical managers"



"A new hobby-horse—plays from Mittel Europa on revolving stages"

I LOVE the theatre. I have been an active and regular theatregoer for many years. I really and sincerely believe that if the theatre died in England something very fine and great would pass from our daily life. It is because of this conviction that I am so bitterly opposed to the incompetent managers who are doing their level best—albeit unconsciously—to bring discredit on this most ancient form of intelligent entertainment. I sometimes wish there was a slump in theatrical managers. It would be a blessed day for the British theatre.

The theatre is the art of holding the mirror up to nature. There are certain theatrical managers who apparently wish to carry these same illusions into the open air. They are so far behind the times they think the public believes anything that is printed, that the public cannot detect the subterfuges which are concocted in the sanctums of theatre offices. Julian Wylie, most competent of all theatre men, said jokingly to me a day or two ago that one day a manager would be honest and say, "These are the facts." I suggested it would not be much use, for the public, by long process of experience, have come to believe the reverse of everything the average theatre manager said.

S

THE West End is the home of craze. If one manager gets a success, everyone rushes to imitate. Only here and there does a more far-sighted manager look out for something even newer and more startling than the success of the moment. Carry your mind back to the days when Clayton and Waller made history with *No No Nanette*. It came from America. For weeks afterwards the best cabins in the biggest liners were booked by London managers hurrying to New York to look for American successes. We had Broadway successes for so long that eventually no one went to see them. But we had a lot of talk about slump. Now the managers have found a new hobby-horse—plays from Mittel Europa on revolving stages. London managers are falling over one another in the Adlon bar in the Linden (I do not mean through insobriety) in their efforts to secure plays like *White Horse Inn*. Erik Charell has been doing this sort of thing for years, but his fame only came to London through a music-hall in St. Martin's Lane. Now we are in for a succession of Mittel Europa successes, which will become so tiresome the public may even go to a revival of *Saint Joan*.

"The knockers"

THE talkie magnates in Hollywood are no better than the West End theatre managers. If anyone walks down Hollywood Boulevard announcing he has a new idea, half a dozen talking celluloid millionaires are killed in the rush to get hold of his coat tails. And up to now Hollywood has led the entertainment world with such extravagant ideas as the adaptation of stage plays and the bowdlerisation of popular novels in the way they think the cinema public will best understand them.

But to continue: we have reached such a stage of financial and political depression that we will go almost anywhere for a good laugh. There is enough gloom in the streets without having it served up on the stage. Leslie Henson and Jack Buchanan and Tom Walls know that. I have never heard them talk of slumps—except in Wall Street.

In the days before motion pictures bad plays failed. Sir George Alexander and Sir Charles Wyndham quite often withdrew plays because "they failed to attract"—a delightfully pompous but honest phrase. When the cinema began to compete for the patronage of the entertainment public, plays continued to fail not because of the new opposition but because they were bad plays. But the cinema was blamed. Now the talkies come in for the blame. It is too absurd.

S

ONE would imagine that every talking picture was a bumper success. That is not the case. Quite a number of the great American film corporations are very concerned about their financial future. Bad talkies no more attract the public than bad plays. That is the situation to-day. Next year the position may be reversed.

Hollywood is buying up all the playwrights just as the silent picture industry bought up all the novelists.

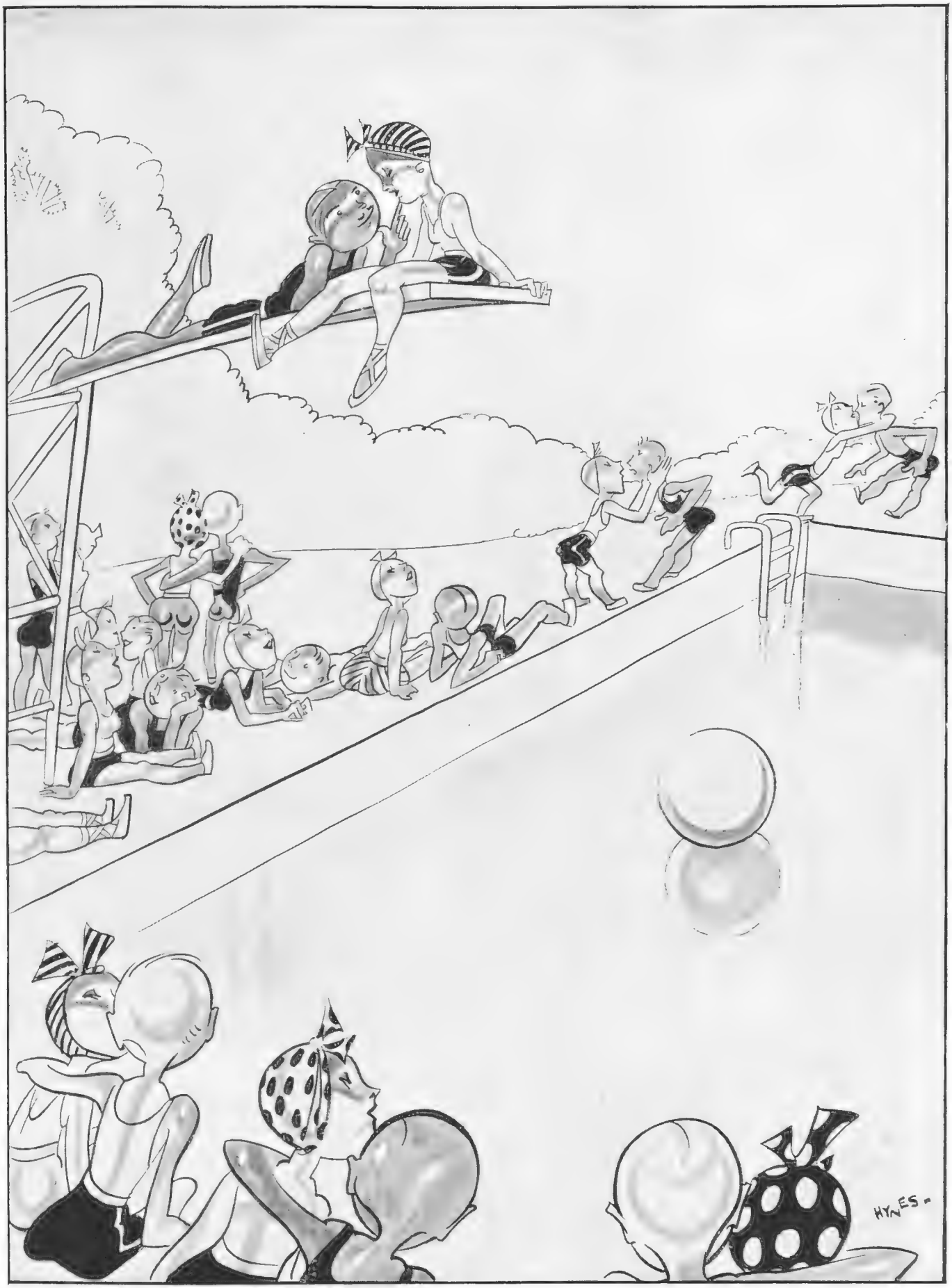
The novelists failed to deliver the goods in most cases, and were quietly jettisoned. I suspect something very much the same will happen to the stage playwrights who have been induced to desert the theatre for the studio. Writing for the screen is as distinct an art as writing for the stage, although too often the two are considered to be the same thing.

The problem of the entertainment world is to devise entertainment for the public. The talkie picture industry is suffering just the same as the theatre. But in the talkie industry there are no heralds with trumpets braying the gloomy news of the slump.

The irony of it is that there was never a period when we were so much in need of entertainment and so little first-rate entertainment is forthcoming.

S

IF you have the right sort of entertainment it does not matter where you put it on. The public will find out. They are very foxhounds on the entertainment trail. *The Beggar's Opera* ran for an eternity in an old theatre at Hammersmith. *The Farmer's Wife* was a two years' attraction at the Court in Sloane Square. Noel Coward had to stage *The Vortex* at the Everyman, an erstwhile dull hall in Hampstead. N. H.



BY HYNES

STILL WATERS!

if Sossip

Most of us curse this foulest of summers (which is quite cussed enough to have become fine and warm by the time these lines are published) because it spoils our holidays or keeps us grumbling indoors for week-end after week-end. I write this with chilled hands, in spite of a fire in the room, and with an occasional glance through a rain-spotted window at a leaden sky, vowing to murder the next optimistic imbecile who seeks to prove that the English climate is, none the less, extremely good. Our climate is the worst in the world, except, I believe, that of Labrador (which is inhabited mainly by large dogs who don't mind if it snows), and there is no point in trying to make out that it is not. We shall not endear ourselves to such foreign visitors as the licensing restrictions fail to keep away by telling a lot of silly lies.

But there are people in this country to whom cold and wet weather in the summer-time is a far heavier blow than it is to the baulked holiday-maker and to those who hate the rain because it depresses them. I mean the farmers. To them this summer has been not an annoyance but a tragedy. Farmers are traditionally grousers, but this time, heaven knows, they have plenty to grouse about. I have been driving nearly every morning for quite a while through wheat that the gales and the downpours have beaten flat; through acre after acre with crops that are sodden and rotting. The whole countryside has been crying out for sun, the absence of which has meant ruin for the farmers.

This, however, has not been the sole handicap for these unfortunate folk. One cannot blame the Government for the weather, but one can blame them for refusing to help the farmers out of their general difficulties by protecting them with a tariff. Mr. Snowden, grimly tenacious of his Free Trade fetish, does not worry in the least about agricultural depression so long as he upholds what he is pleased to call his principles. The Socialists dare not offend Russia, who dumps her wheat over here in a way calculated to damage the English farmer vitally, even had Nature been kind. Mr. Baldwin has at last said that he believes in a tariff, but does not behave in a way that will get us much forrarder with one.

Sasha

Herbert Marshall and his wife, Edna Best, who are playing in the film version of Edgar Wallace's play, "The Calendar," being filmed at Beaconsfield. Dealing with racing matters, it is hoped that it will prove a winner in the Popularity Stakes

DOG STARS OF THE DOG DAYS

A talkie, in which the principal performers are all members of the Tail Waggers' Club, is being produced by Mr. Widgey Newman at his studios in Albany Street, Regent's Park. Some of the prospective stars are seen being interviewed by the casting director before work on the film was started

Meanwhile, Farmer Giles, good, honest, anxious soul, feels lucky if he loses only a few hundreds a year on his farm, and on the top of all his troubles is pestered for the payment of tithes. He need not look to a Socialist Government for salvation. He is an employer, not one who is employed—ergo, a capitalist, or something very much like one.

We must

By Wilson Fenning

"You know, my dear, I *do* so appreciate Saturday afternoons and Sundays when the gardener goes off. It is such a relief to go into the garden without the fear that one is intruding!"

And there are too few farmers for their aggregate vote to matter.

IF there has been a record lack of sunshine in London there has been plenty of crime to make up for it. Crime is on the increase, and has, of course, nothing to do with the weather. I would attribute this increase to three main causes. The first is the popularity of American films, which deal with crime and glorify it, and the Americanisation of England, exemplified, in particular, by the way (this, of course, is our own fault) English newspapers devote column after column to the sordid and utterly uninteresting doings of Messrs. Jack Diamond, "Spike" O'Donnell, and Al Capone. The second is the growing tender-heartedness towards the criminal and the tendency to sympathise with the murderer as an interesting "case" for special humanitarian treatment and to ignore the victim altogether. The third, and most powerful cause of all, is that there is more distress about, more people out of jobs, and a general lack of money. That is to say, there are more people who, being desperately hard up, become really desperate and take what they have not got.

THE more fortunate folk (some of whom have done their robbing on such an extensive scale that they have "got away with it") are keeping Deauville fairly busy. An increasing number of visitors go by air, for the Air Union run a swift and convenient regular service, and aeroplanes now have every facility, since a new air-port has been opened on the road to Saint Gratien, about three miles to the north-east of Deauville itself. This saves the short crossing to Boulogne, with that long, long motor journey, or the long Southampton-Havre or Southampton-Cherbourg crossings, the former of which involves an extra journey in a small boat from Havre, which used to be a certain emetic for those "queasy i' the stomach." And if the weather on the north coast of France is cold and wretched, a very short train journey takes one to Paris, whence one can, by means of those Air Union blue machines, hop off to Marseilles, and in four hours be in grilling sunshine.

THE wilderness that London is traditionally supposed to be in August (of course, it is years since it has actually been anything of the sort) is now relieved by the Promenade concerts. Here, at any rate, is some cause for national pride. No other country in the world, not even musical Germany, can show anything quite like this. Sir Henry Wood is surely one of the most wonderful of Englishmen, and what he has done for the music of England is incalculable. Not only has he created a public for the best music, he has gradually increased that public over a long period of thirty-six years. Because Sir Henry is modest, unaffected, a tremendously hard worker, and reliable, it is the fashion among certain superior persons to regard him merely as a plodder, a sort of Honest Dobbin of music, and to put him down as a second-rate conductor. Nothing could be farther from the

EVELYN HERBERT

The prima donna, who made her debut in England this week. She is a leading light in "Waltzes from Vienna," produced by Hassard Short at the Alhambra on Monday

EDDIE PEABODY

An impression of the American banjoist appearing at the Piccadilly Hotel this month. If the once-popular banjo lauded by Kipling as "the Prophet of the Utterly Absurd, of the Patently Impossible and Vain" returns to favour, it will be owing to the wonderful things Mr. Peabody does with it

By Hickson

truth. Like all conductors, Sir Henry is better with some composers than with others. With Handel, Bach, and Elgar he is unrivalled.

S

I don't know any place where one can find such keenness and such knowledge about matters artistic, and so little pose, as in the bars and passages of the Queen's Hall during an interval of a "Prom." These are the people who really are fond of music and not those who pretend to be because it is the right thing to do. Strange that one hardly, if ever, sees at the Queen's Hall those sibilant young men who flock to anything remotely savouring of the Russian Ballet. The artistic-cum-fashionable crowd who deal in "divines" and "adorables" and call each other "darling" find an hour or two of solid orchestral music too much of an ordeal. Not even on Russian nights do they put in an exotic appearance. Perhaps if Sir Henry Wood wore Chaliapine's coronation robe instead of a dress-suit they might be attracted. The beard is there already

S

By all means let the telephone authorities do their best to make the telephone more popular. And if they keep up the stock of boosting phrases of the type in which they have already indulged, so much the better. These add joy to a somewhat harassed existence. As an inducement, for instance, to the man without a telephone to have one installed, they declare, in cold (or possibly warm) print, "Your incoming calls will cost you nothing."

That is really marvellous. I am most relieved to find that when a man rings me up on the telephone I do not have to pay. The generosity of the arrangement by which the telephone big-wigs restrain themselves from charging two people for one call is something before which I bow in profound and amazed gratitude.

S

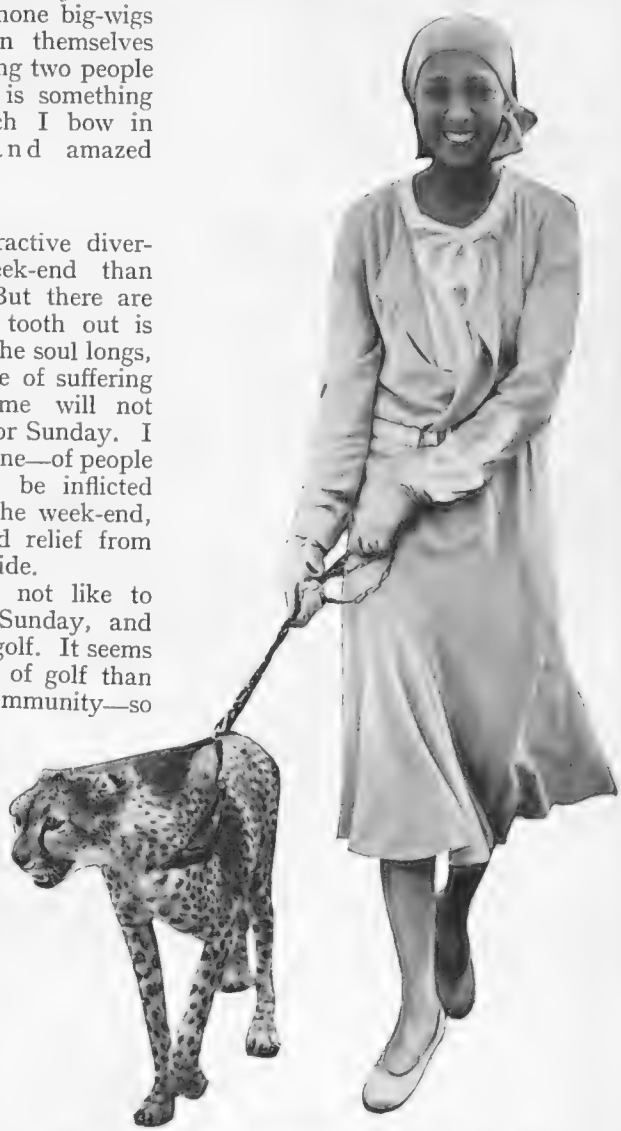
There are more attractive diversions for the week-end than having a tooth out. But there are times when to have a tooth out is the one thing for which the soul longs, and I trust, for the sake of suffering humanity, that that time will not coincide with Saturday or Sunday. I have a list—not a large one—of people whom I would wish to be inflicted with toothache during the week-end, for it is difficult to find relief from the pain other than suicide.

You see, dentists do not like to work on Saturday or Sunday, and they have a passion for golf. It seems that dentists are fonder of golf than any other class of the community—so devoted to it, in fact, that I marvel that they do not get blithered, mix the two things up, and find themselves removing an obstinate molar with a neat iron shot, or extracting a ball from a sand-bunker with a pair of forceps.

S

On a recent Saturday afternoon I suffered the agonies of the damned with toothache. My dentist was playing golf. His assistant was playing golf. The dentist in the next

Guests at the Heatherden, the new Anglo-American Country Club at Iver Heath, near Uxbridge, find the splendid swimming pool provides a fine appetite for dinner. The club is under the Presidency of Earl Fitzwilliam



Josephine Baker, the coloured star of Paris, with her cheetah, a pet she doubtless loves for its sunny disposition rather than its publicity value. She will visit London in the Autumn, but whether she will get her pet past the Customs is doubtful!

Sasha

OUT-OF-TOWN ACTIVITIES

Guests at the Midnight Party held recently at the Ace of Spades Garage on the Kingston By-Pass, to celebrate the opening of the rebuilt restaurant, listening to the cabaret, which was a feature of the evening. Six hundred guests attended the party, which lasted till six the following morning

street was playing golf. His assistant was on a holiday, probably playing golf. To five other dentists I applied. All were away, and not even a locum tenens was on duty. At last, after hours of search, I found a man who looked after me; but had I been a couple of minutes later I would have missed him, for I caught him leaving his front door—with a bag of golf clubs.

Dentists deserve their recreation as much as any other folk, but I wish they would come to some arrangement among themselves by which some are always left behind to hack away at gums instead of divots.

IF only they were allowed to advertise matters would be easier for sufferers, as then they could all be conveniently catalogued. Notices such as "H. Smith: Non-golfer. Available week-ends but absent during Wimbledon Fortnight"; "J. Jones: At home Christmas and Boxing Day, but unavailable on Derby Day and Grand National Day," would save those of us in pain the additional agony of telephoning to dentist after dentist on a Saturday afternoon in the vain hope of finding one in. But as things are at present, professional etiquette bars the way to such a sensible innovation.

A RAY OF HOPE

More and more British "stars" are leaving our own films to fulfil important contracts in American "talkies."

"Spike" O'Donnell, the Chicago "beer baron" and gang leader, has asserted that he has been offered £3,000 a week to play in British films.—NEWS ITEMS.

IN Elstree new life has been born
And joy takes the place of despair,
Producers are all wreathed in smiles,
The outlook at last is "set fair"
For Hope riseth out of the West
The "big-shot" himself will be here
To show Britain how to produce a real "wow"
So our films need no bier thanks to beer.

Edna Best, Herbert Marshall et al.
Alas, have been lured far away,
They have left home for Hollywood, Cal.
Where the "stars" are seen shining by day.
Jill Esmond, likewise Colin Clive,
Have also left England behind;
But, though we deplore they are with us no more
In "Spike" our salvation we'll find.

What though he's a tyro as yet?
Already he's proved he has got
A knowledge profound when it comes
To matters that deal with a "shot"
So let us cast doubts to one side
And vow on the bright side we'll look,
For British films now must all make a great vow
To conquer by hook—or by "crook."

B. W.

By JEFFRYES

WEATHER NOTE

"A strong atmospheric disturbance passing round the south coast followed by a ridge of high pressure"

AN ANGLO-AMERICAN REVUE

The HOUR GLASS

AT THE VICTORIA PALACE

The double-faced chorus in this revue are here seen in their "Masks and Faces" dance. All wear masks at the back of their heads, and in consequence their "turn" is somewhat startling

Above. Rose King, an American comedienne, who is buffeted by her partner, Chick York, in true slapstick style. She is of the school of laughter makers known as "eccentric"

Nina Devitt, an effective danseuse, whose numbers, like that of the chorus, have been arranged by Ralph Reader, one of the cleverest dance producers of the day

JOAN BARRY

Who is combining stage and screen work at present. She is playing in that most obstinate of successes, "The Barretts of Wimpole Street," at the Queen's Theatre, and has been filming at Elstree in Alfred Hitchcock's production of "Rich and Strange." Her next picture will be "A Child in the Midst," in which she will play opposite Jack Buchanan

The illuminated palm trees of the new Summer Casino at Monte Carlo stretch the length of the terrace. Dinner is seen in progress on the opening night, and in the group at the table in the right foreground are included the Marquess of Donegall, wearing a white coat, Mrs. Stuart Browne, Lord Carlow, Lady Ashley and Mrs. Cecil R. Pim. Another photograph of the Casino appears on page 395

A CASINO RHAPSODY

MONTE CARLO is BORN AGAIN

THIS story is at its best if set down in chronological order. On April 15 of this year certain gentlemen of Monte Carlo, anxious to see their bathing beach the principal playground of the summer Riviera, voted the necessary millions of francs for the building of a new casino and hotel.

By the middle of July the new Casino was no more than a scabrous shell of steel and concrete. The bare walls of the new summer hotel were just a mockery. Opening was postponed till August 4. Yes, August, 1932, we decided, never this year.

On August 2 there arrived the following:—

"Nous vous prions de bien vouloir honorer de votre présence le dîner de gala le 4 Aout 1931, à l'occasion de l'inauguration du Sporting Club l'Été de Monte Carlo."

So, on August 4, the Riviera moved to Monte Carlo beach in cars, in speedboats, in yachts, even in trains. Two hundred were turned away. Approaching, we prepared for the worst. We prepared for a picnic among the cement pots, but suddenly we caught our breath. It could not be true! It was a mirage. Yet here was Black Samba of the Hôtel de Paris opening the car door at the Casino entrance. The unbelievable had happened. Out of the dust and the dirt, the heterogeneous muddle, a new luxury plage had been born. The Casino was built, the hotel was built, the shops were complete, the flick of cocktail shakers came from the inevitable American bars. Yet that very afternoon people who saw the new Casino and hotel declared it was but half finished, that the opening would be impossible that night. Rome had been built in an afternoon!

Let us proceed to a more formal description of this new plage-super-luxe as the French call it. It merits it. Summer Monte Carlo, to sum up in one the new Casino, the two beach hotels, the colonnade of shops, the restaurants, and the turquoise blue swimming pool, is situated about a mile from the old Casino at Monte Carlo and runs between a beauty of mountain and sea along the curve of the shore known as Baie de la Ville. It is a bewilderingly fascinating corner, and at first sight it is difficult to withhold exclamation of genuine rapture!

The Casino, or, as they choose to call it, the Summer Sporting Club, is a long, rectangular building with a squat tower rising in a confection of fluted embellishments in the centre. The walls, here and elsewhere on the beach, are of the attractive Provençal tint of pink-brown, particularly suitable to the climate and the blaze of sunshine. On one side of the entrance are the gambling rooms, on the other a dance restaurant. Above are roof gardens beneath flowered pergolas, and an American dance bar. In front of the Casino is a magnificent terrace, some hundred yards long, that slopes down to a sea wall against which the Mediterranean rolls in tideless waves.

The night on which it opened—though indeed, every night—the terraces were lighted by illuminated trees, the glass foliage gleaming whitely against the blue night. Stretching the length and breadth of the terrace were the dinner tables and those seated around them.

Sun-black being the skin-tint of Riviera fashion, cloud white were the frocks worn with it. Here were Molyneux, Chanel, Schiaparelli, Louiseboulanger, Lanvin, Poiret, Patou in every variation of white flounces and furbelows. The Riviera is very virginal—in this.

Leading the White Company was the Hon. Mrs. Reginald Fellowes, the white spirals of her frock topped by a most provocative white "bowler" hat. Even her escort was in white. None other than Mr. "Laddie" Sanford, the well-known American polo player. Convention dictated a dinner-jacket for the majority, despite the heat, but he set it aside with white flannels and polo vest.

One of the loveliest women there was the Grand Duchess Boris, the Grand Duke sitting beside the wealth and hospitality of America in the person of Mrs. A. Lichtenstein. Elsewhere was also the Grand Duke Dimitri of Russia. Mrs. Lichtenstein's party was the largest of all, and in it were the Dolly sisters—no Casino is complete without them!—Jenny, if you know which of them that is, discarding modernity for the satin swish of a 19th-century skirt and bodice, Rosie, however, lining up with the White Ladies.

The roulette tables and chemin-de-fer started up as the last festal rocket left the sky. The Casino being within the Principality of Monaco, the roulette wheels may spin immune from French law, though baccarat seems nowadays more popular, and it will doubtless be from the five per cent. taken from every stake that the Casino will earn back the million sterling expended on the New Summer Monte Carlo.

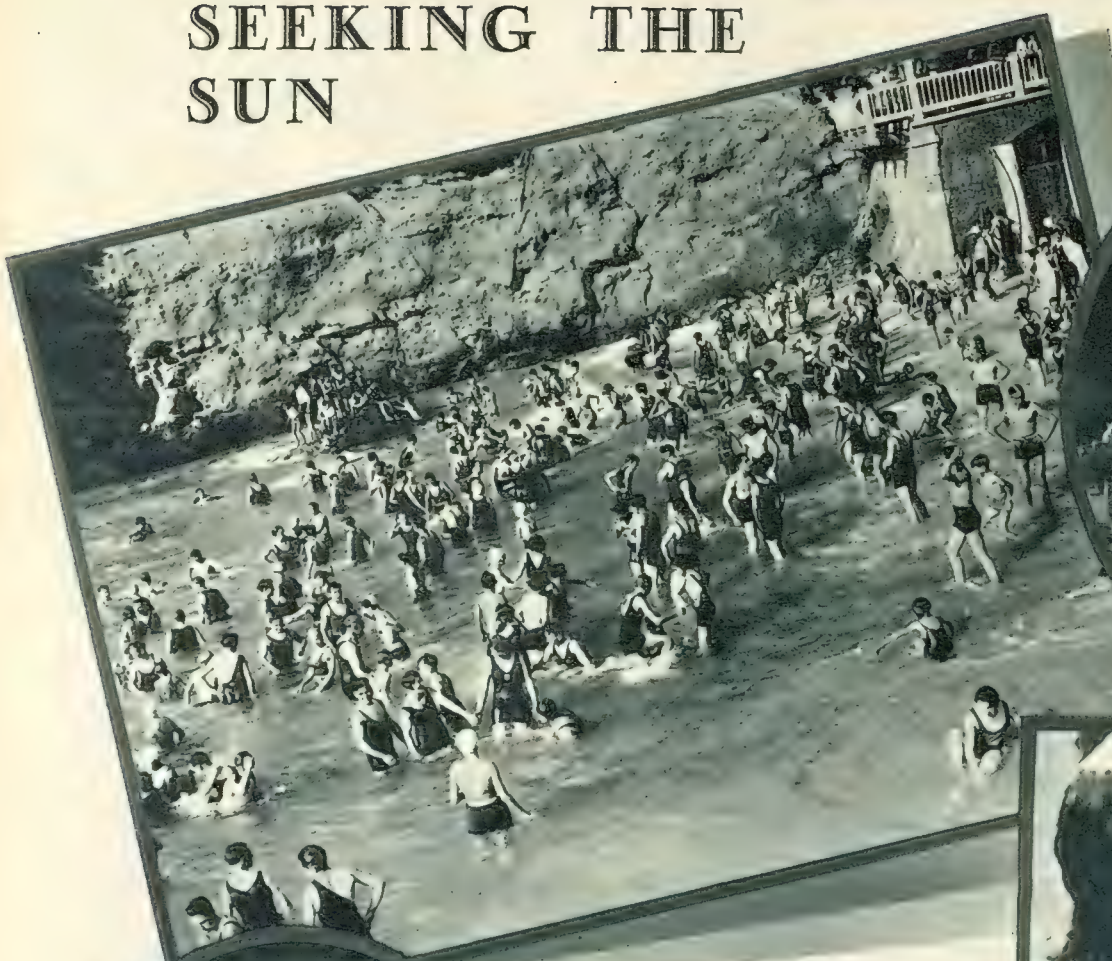
RICHARD VINER.

A photograph of the Roof-Garden Cocktail Bar, specially taken for "The Bystander" five minutes before the Casino opened. Five minutes later it was impossible to see more than the glass before your face!

OUT WITH THE GUNS IN THE HIGHLANDS

The "Glorious Twelfth" has come and gone, and once again the moors resound to the crack of guns and whir of wings, for the days of security for the grouse are over. Above is seen a party moving off to the butts on Dalbeg Moor, Coignifean, Tomatin, in Inverness-shire

SEEKING THE SUN



Although the vagaries of our English summer may make bathing on these shores something of a stern ordeal, the morning dip is a very different affair at Biarritz. Warm waters provide a veritable paradise for bathers, some of whom are seen above making the most of the occasion

BEFORE THE DIP

Princess Violet, the wife of Prince Pierre of Montenegro, beside the bathing pool on Monte Carlo beach. Her little companion of Far Eastern lineage is not as fond of bathing as his Royal owner

The Aga Khan, who is nearly as keen about golf as he is about horse-racing, waiting to play off on the links at Aix-les-Bains. His outfit is eminently suitable for use in the bright summer sunlight

In the lower phot bathers are seen full quota at Ede d'Antibes. Include is Lady Ashley w glasses bear eloque to the dazzling ligh providing in th

The upper photogra wonderful new Sum Club at Monte appears at night. of its recent openin the outstanding so the Riviera, appears

IN FOREIGN CLIMES

Sun-bathing is by no means the least of the attractions enjoyed by the visitor to Juan-les-Pins and, between bathes, the sun and air are given ample opportunity of doing their good work. Few, if any people return other than brown as the proverbial berry

BEACH HATS IN THE BREEZE

Lady Burton (left) and Lady Astbury on the beach at Cap d'Antibes, where the former occupies a charming villa. The breeze is playing strange tricks with their large straw beach hats

A photograph taken at Eden Roc. Lord Donegall (left), Mrs. Black, Lord Portarlington and Captain Rutherford are seen enjoying the sun-bath that is the inevitable prelude and finish to the morning's bathe

hotograph sun- n getting their Eden Roc, Cap ude, in the group whose smoked quent testimony light the sun is those parts

graph shows the ummer Sporting te Carlo as it t. An account ning, which was social event of

ears on page 392

BEAUTIFUL BRITAIN

A NEW FISHING CLUB IN CUMBERLAND

Nowhere in England is there more beautiful mountain scenery to be found than in the Lake District, and in the lakes and rivers of Cumberland good fishing can be obtained

The Bassenthwaite and Derwentwater Club is one which, strictly limited in membership, has the right to fish Bassenthwaite Lake and Derwentwater, as well as certain privileges over fourteen miles of fishing on the river Derwent. A subscription of £12 : 12 : 0 per annum entitles club members to fish both lakes and river for Salmon, Sea Trout, Brown Trout, Herling, as well as coarse fish, and also covers all the necessary licences, as well as free golf over the Embleton Links. Excellent accommodation is to be found in the immediate neighbourhood

The photograph above is of Bassenthwaite Lake, lying at the base of Skiddaw, which is four miles long and almost a mile across, taken when the foxgloves were in full bloom; while that on the right is of Derwentwater, almost as big, with the famous Friars Crag, a feature of the scene

BYSTANDER SHORT STORY

Bitter Sauce

BY

Dorothy Whipple

THE grey blinds monogrammed in silver were down, but the door of the shop opened under his hand.

"Has Mrs. Catlow gone?"

"Not yet," said a young girl, smiling up from putting things away in drawers.

Robert Pentland went silently and eagerly over the expanse of jade carpet and knocked on a silvered door.

"Come in," said a voice which changed from weariness to joy at the sight of him. "Oh, Robert, how nice! I was just feeling so dull and done up. What inspired you to come round to-night?"

She swung round in the revolving chair and held up her face to be kissed. She was too tired to stand up and be folded in his arms. Besides, someone might come in.

"Can we talk?" he asked, drawing up a chair so that he could still hold her hand.

"In a moment. There's only Miss Potter left. She'll be gone soon. Have a cigarette."

Waiting, he looked round the room sacred to the proprietor of "Rose, Modes et Robes." It was a model of efficiency and good taste. She was jolly clever, he thought, to manage all this. Would she leave it? Though after all, she wouldn't leave as much as he would. She was free; a widow. She had no ties.

ILLUSTRATED BY LEO BATES

He looked at her as she swung and smiled in her chair. She, too, was a model of efficiency and good taste. Her clothes were wonderful, her hair was dark and smooth as satin, her lips were full and delicious, her hands lovely—but her eyes were tired. This fatigue only added to her charm, he felt. She didn't get tired in the ugly way Amy got tired. When Amy was tired, which was pretty nearly always now, although he couldn't for the life of him see why—Amy's face went red and her hair came down. He had been married to Amy for thirteen years and always when she was tired her face got red and her hair came down. It exasperated him to think of it. But when Rose was tired he was touched.

"I rang up to say I wouldn't be home until the nine-thirty," he said, to make conversation until Miss Potter should be gone.

"Good," said Rose.

There was a knock at the door.

"Have you finished, Miss Potter?" called Rose. "Very well. Turn out the lights there, and lock that door. I'll see to the rest. Good-night."

"There," she said, turning her chair to Robert. "Now we're alone. Go ahead."

"Wait a moment," he said, pressing out his cigarette and getting up to kiss her.

He was rather slow in his movements, but his deliberation thrilled her. She put her arms round his neck as he leaned over her.

"Oh, Robert, I'm so tired," she complained, relaxing deliciously from the efficiency of the day and becoming a spoiled child in his arms. "I'm so tired."

"Are you, darling? So am I. That's what I've come about. I wrote to you last night."

"Did you? But I've had no letter," she said, freeing herself to look at him.

He returned to his chair, drawing it still closer to hers.

"No, because I didn't get it posted. The cistern chose last night to overflow, and there was such an upset that I couldn't get out with your letter."

"Where is it? Have you brought it?" asked Rose, who never liked to be done out of a demonstration of love on Robert's part.

"No, I haven't brought it," he said. "As a matter of fact, I left it in the pocket of the old Trinity blazer I wear in the house."

"Robert!" cried Rose in alarm. "How appalling! How could you be so careless?"

"My dear, I absolutely forgot it this morning. I was thinking so hard about ways and means and you that I quite forgot the letter."

"But suppose your wife finds it," she cried.

"Well—does it really matter?" asked Robert. "That's what I wrote about. It's what I've come about. I couldn't wait even until to-morrow to talk it over with you."

He took the hand she had removed, and stroked it with his own, which was thick and blunt.

"Rose, darling," he said. "Hasn't the time come for us to cut loose. Let's go away and get out of this. I'm absolutely sick of my life as it is, and so are you. Let's go."

ROSE CATLOW'S eyes widened as she stared at him. Her breath came quickly, but she did not speak. She was thinking. It was true that she was tired; tired of the shop, the bills, the buying, the customers, the hours; tired of looking after herself, of earning her own living, of being alone. Besides, trade was bad and might soon be worse; it would be wise to sell out while selling was good. She was, moreover, in love with Robert.

"What about—er—your wife?" This was awkward to say. "And your three boys?" she added with another effort.

"I've worked it all out many a time," said Robert eagerly. "Ever since I knew you I've been working it out. As I said in my letter, I can leave them quite comfortably off; not rolling in money, you know, but quite comfortable. Amy will manage on it. And there'll be quite enough for us for two or three years until I get another job. A civil engineer can always get another job, you know."

"Can he?" asked Rose.

"Oh, yes," said Robert airily. "I've no fear about that. We could go abroad, darling," he went on in a rather

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cosy voice. "Until Amy divorces me. She'll divorce me, I know, because she's always said an unhappy marriage should be ended. There's nothing between Amy and me any more, as you know," he said with the customary euphuism. He went on stroking her hand.

"And anyway," he burst out. "I can't stand it any longer. Everything in that house gets on my nerves so badly that I behave like a perfect brute all the time I'm in it. Amy, the boys, the meals, the rooms—everything gets on my nerves now. If things had been different . . ." Robert Pentland was always saying that. "If things had been different. I mean, if I hadn't been in love with you, I'd have stuck it out. As it is, I can't. After all, as I said in my letter, a man surely has some right to his own life. Why should he be a mere domestic appendage? I grub for the money; they spend it. That's my life. As I said, a man surely has some right to—er—to beauty and—er . . ." He stammered a little. It had been easier to write all this than to say it; and it looked much better on paper, too.

"Let's go, Rose," he urged. "You know how I love you. Let's go!"

She tapped on her desk with a pencil and looked at him with bright, amused eyes.

"Well," she said. "I'm ready when you are. Where shall we go to?"

"Italy," he said promptly. "To the sun."

It had been very dull weather in London lately, but when he got away with Rose, the sun, he felt, would always shine.

"Italy," repeated Rose. "It sounds all right, doesn't it?"

"Oh, Rose," he cried, plunging towards her. "It will be wonderful . . . wonderful! Oh, how happy you make me. You're marvellous! No fuss, or anything . . ." he was incoherent with joy.

THEY talked on and on. Robert walked about the room explaining and expounding. Rose swung in her chair, her brain busy, her heart light. A fresh start, a fresh love—how alluring, how wonderful! And, though neither of them said so, what an escape! What an escape from the life they had made for themselves so far!

"But Robert," said Rose, returning to the only thing that worried her. "It was a frightful mistake to leave that letter at home. Suppose your wife finds it, addressed to me?"

"It wasn't addressed to you. It wasn't in an envelope. But what does it matter if she does find it? She'll have to know some time. She'll take it quite well. She knows I don't love her. I must say Amy is very sensible in her way; never asks for anything you don't want to give her. Rather wonderful, really," he said, looking a little startled for a moment by the merits of Amy. But that, he knew, was only because he was leaving her.

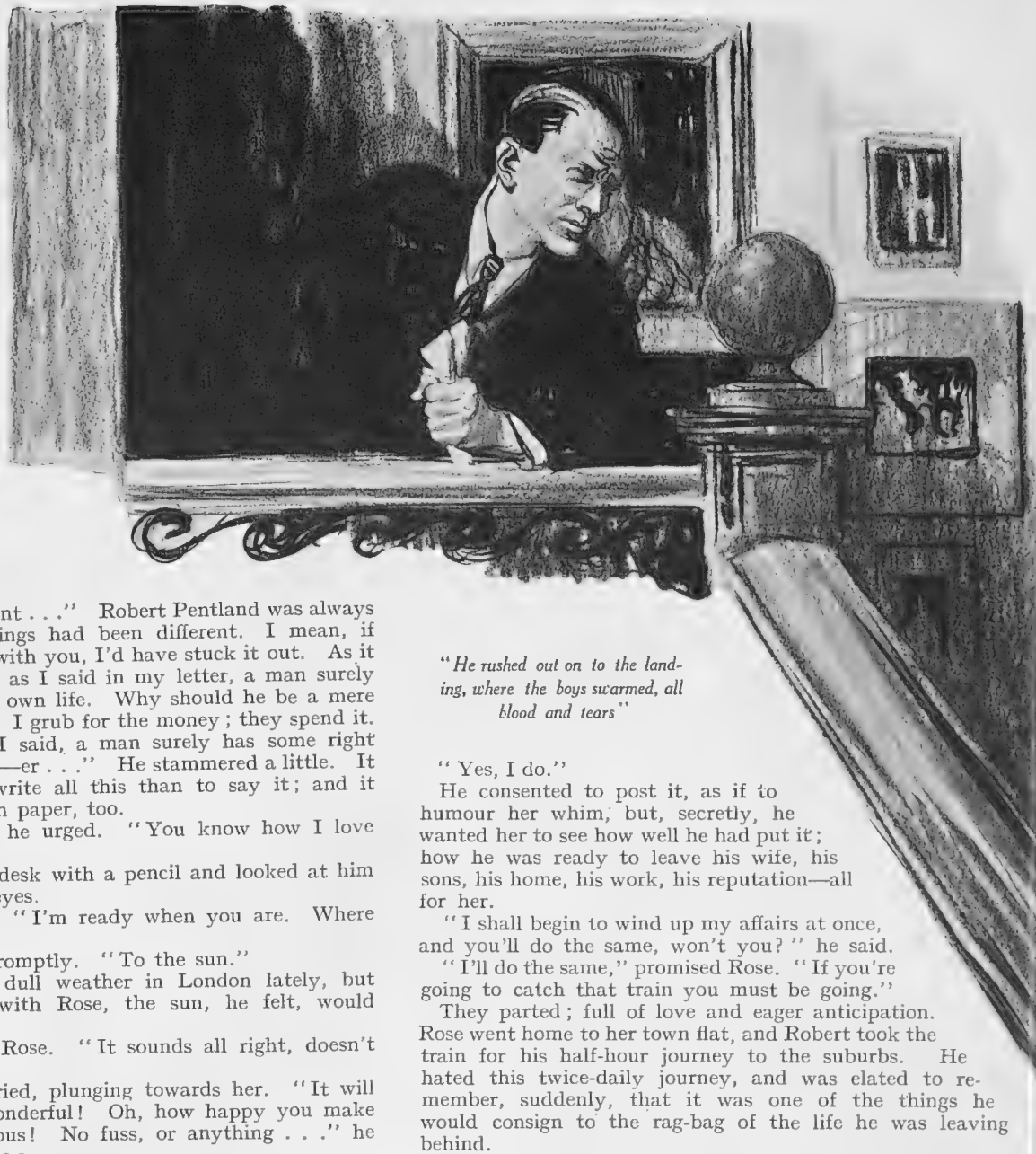
"I'd hate her to find that letter," said Rose, fearing a scandal before she could get away. Once gone, she did not care what happened.

"Don't worry, Rose, darling. It will be all right."

Robert always felt things would be all right.

"Post it to me to-night, then," begged Rose, who loved Love and felt this letter should be rather marvellous.

"Do you really want it?" he asked.



"He rushed out on to the landing, where the boys swarmed, all blood and tears"

"Yes, I do."

He consented to post it, as if to humour her whim, but, secretly, he wanted her to see how well he had put it; how he was ready to leave his wife, his sons, his home, his work, his reputation—all for her.

"I shall begin to wind up my affairs at once, and you'll do the same, won't you?" he said.

"I'll do the same," promised Rose. "If you're going to catch that train you must be going."

They parted; full of love and eager anticipation. Rose went home to her town flat, and Robert took the train for his half-hour journey to the suburbs. He hated this twice-daily journey, and was elated to remember, suddenly, that it was one of the things he would consign to the rag-bag of the life he was leaving behind.

In the corner of the compartment he closed his eyes and went over it all again.

Amy and the boys would be all right. Of course he would see that they were all right. He would give them all he could from generosity and—well—relief. There was no baulking the fact that they were too much for him.

He opened his eyes briefly to stare in surprise at himself. He must be without paternal feeling, he thought. The boys had been jolly little chaps enough as babies, but they had come too quickly one after the other to retain their novelty. And now they had got to the stage when they broke everything they laid their hands on, they kicked the stair rods when they went upstairs, they were clumsy and unattractive, with stubbly hair and dirty hands, they got hot and fought incessantly and made an appalling row from morning till night. Three boys of almost the same age were more than he had bargained for when he married. If only there had been a girl among them, it would have been different. A man always likes to have a daughter. It was like Amy to be monotonous even in her children.

He shuffled with exasperation in his corner. The noise, the bills, the bother . . . always something: tonsils or holidays, letters to Headmasters or from Headmasters, maids leaving, cisterns overflowing, and no peace, no privacy, no place to himself; even his dressing-room would have to go soon to make a bedroom for one boy, because they made such an unholy row morning and night when

they were all together in the attic. By Jove, there wasn't a corner in the whole of that house—*his* house—where he could keep anything private. There was something terribly wrong with a manner of living that caged human beings up like fowls in a pen. At any rate, it wouldn't do for a man like him. He would free himself.

His thoughts leaped forward to his new life with Rose. He had a vision of Italy in spring, the little trees like pink and white coral in the valleys, the young vines taking hands to dance, the small, exquisite cloisters in Rome and Florence; and in summer, Brittany, perhaps, and in winter, Switzerland; and Rose, in her lovely clothes, always pretty, amusing, efficient, yet feminine, modern and wonderful!

Oh, they must go quickly! He had never been so excited about anything in his life before.

He got out of the train and walked up the hill towards home. The light from the street lamp shone on the house, showing its ugly bay windows wreathed in dusty ivy. Soon, soon this place would know him no more! He and Rose would have a villa—a small one, though Rose had made quite a lot of money, really—a villa above some lake, and there, when it was dark, the nightingales would sing and rose and jasmine scent the air. He sniffed ecstatically, and drew in a fugitive smell from a distant but pungent gasometer.

"Pah!" he grimaced.

He went into the house and stood for a moment in the hall. The boys were thundering about in their bedroom. They were supposed to be in bed long ago, but they enlivened the nights occasionally by pillow and other fights. He thought irritably that Amy might at least see they were quiet by the time he came home.

He was glad, all the same, that Amy had evidently not heard him come in. It gave him the chance to retrieve the letter from his blazer pocket and go out again to post it in the pillar-box at the corner. He went upstairs, springing easily and lightly from very buoyancy up two steps at a time.

As he went into his dressing-room, a loud yell from the boys' room made him pause.

"Oh, Peter's knocked a tooth out! Peter's knocked a tooth out! Oh, help—somebody!"

Confound it, something was wrong again! Well, Amy would deal with it.

He went to his wardrobe and took his blazer from its accustomed peg. Was his letter there? Yes, it was there. He drew it out, and another letter with it.

His heart turned over with a curious movement, and the hand holding the letters trembled suddenly.

Amy knew.

He drew a long, wavering breath. She knew; and there would be a scene to-night, just when he didn't feel ready for it. Unless she had written what she wanted to say to him, and would make no scene? She had done that once before; written to him and never spoken at all. A good way of doing things; it made him grateful towards her. But it wouldn't help her this time; his mind was made up. He was going with Rose.

The yells continued upstairs. Amy would be kept up there for some time. He could read her letter, and compose himself before he saw her.

He unfolded the sheet of paper and began to read.

"You had forgotten that we arranged to send this blazer to the cleaners. . . ."

Yes, by Jove, so he had.

"I did not hesitate to read this letter, because I have known for a long time that something was wrong, and I wanted to know what it was."

Oh, she had, had she? Well, that would make it easier.

As he read on, his brows drew together in bewilderment.

"The boys need a father more than a mother. If anyone has to go, it must be me. . . ."

What in the world . . . ?

"It isn't fair that you should be forced to leave your sons, your home, your work, your reputation, because I have been a failure. For a long time now I have felt a terrible failure . . . ."

The words danced before his eyes. He held the paper nearer and concentrated his gaze.

"I don't blame you at all. I haven't been able to do my job. It has beaten me . . . ."

The bawlings upstairs increased and made a hideous background to the turmoil in Robert's head.

"Don't worry about me," went on the letter. "I earned my living before I married you. I can earn it again. I'll find some way of freeing you, never fear. Then you can marry this girl you love and bring her here. I am going now—to-day—to make things easier for you. Goodbye."

She'd gone! She'd left him with the boys! And Rose would never. . . . Oh, it wasn't fair! It wasn't *fair*. . . .

He rushed out on to the landing, where the boys swarmed, all blood and tears.

"Amy!" he shouted furiously above the din of the battle. "AMY . . . !!"

D. W.

BERLIN TO-DAY

EUROPE'S GAYEST CAPITAL

BY CHARLES GRAVES

Germany to day devotes much time to physical culture and her citizens seem to prefer to exercise in the nude. Above are seen two archers in very toxopho-light attire

BERLIN to-day is a very powerful green and white city with big white omnibuses, big green taxicabs, and big white houses often picked out in green. The boulevards, of which there are many, are vivid green; Unter den Linden, which goes due east from the Brandenburger Tor being, together with the Kurfürstendamm, the most expensive and most fashionable thoroughfares in Berlin. Vivid green is also supplied by the Tiergarten, which is a mixture of Hyde Park, St. James's Park, and the Green Park rolled into one.

BY night Berlin is ablaze with red, white and blue electric signs. Even now, in August, Berlin provides the most dashing entertainments you can imagine. I have often wanted to raise the lid off Berlin's night life. I have done so, and I am surprised. Paris, frankly, is nothing to it. The German does everything so much more thoroughly than the Frenchman. It is difficult to know how to begin to describe places like Eldorado or Geisha. All one can do is to say that they are the exact opposite of one another, while neither would begin to be tolerated in England, even in the days before Lord and Douglas Byng. What you can put in a book you cannot necessarily put in THE BYSTANDER.

SETTING aside these two places, which are the Scylla and Charybdis of Berlin, you are left with a number of entertaining places, which include the Silhouette, Johnny's Night Club, Femina, the Jockey, Rio Rita, Stein Maer, the Vaterland, the Eden Roof Garden, the Eden Bar, the Adlon Bar, the Esplanade Summer Restaurant, and others on my variegated list.

The Wannsee Links, situated between Potsdam and Berlin, and the best golf course in Germany. It will be noted that the club-house is a typical example of modern German architecture

THE Silhouette, where I saw two noble English lords at my first visit, has large numbers of pink Chinese lanterns; two bars, the barmen of which wear signet rings and white silk shirts; and an admirable orchestra, as well as a number of semi-public boxes. Johnny's Night Club is always crowded. It has a hollow square bar and hundreds of red and blue bottles ranged around the walls. There is a concertina band, about ten square feet of dancing, which makes things extremely intimate, lots of tables and chairs, as well as Conrad Veidt as a very regular client.

FEMINA is a gaudily lighted dance place, where there is actually room to dance. The Jockey has no dancing, but it has the most versatile pianist in Berlin—the only one, in fact, who can make the "Rhapsody in Blue" amount to anything on the piano without any other accompaniment. His name is Ernst Engle. It is a small, oblong room, rendered famous by the fact that it was here that Joseph Von Sternberg met Marlene Dietrich, and persuaded her to go to Hollywood. Freddie Kaufmann, who owns it, used to be an antique dealer. To-day he is up to

the minute in his introductions between princes and would-be princesses; between authors and publishers; between scenario writers and film directors; between every kind of person who has just arrived and those who can help them to get farther. In the guest book are the names of millionaires, cocottes, milords, composers, bankers, and actors. The walls are covered with life-size coloured posters—all signed—of Mistinguette, Marlene Dietrich, Barbette, and others. It is one of the very best places in Berlin.

Brandenburger Tor with Unter den Linden in the background. This is the German Marble Arch, through the main entrance of which only the Kaiser used to be able to drive

Rio Rita is a kind of Berlin Casanova with concealed electric lighting, semi-arbitrary champagne and an air of luxurious extravagance.

STEIN MAER is a dance place conspicuous for the fact that the girls who dance there wear only bathing dresses. This is thought very exciting by the worthy provincials from Stuttgart and Hanover. The Vaterland is a terrific place. It contains seven totally different restaurants. The first is a true copy of a pre-War tavern in a Viennese suburb. You have Viennese food, a gaily clad Viennese band, and a panorama of the Danube and Vienna. There is also a ballet of laundresses—all clean fun.

THERE is also a Bavarian inn with another panorama on which clockwork trains and ships move up and down. There are Munich beer and Bavarian dishes served by Bavarian waitresses, with Bavarian clog-dancing, as you see it in "White Horse Inn." One could devote a column to the Wild West Bar, built like an 1870 blockhouse; another to the Osteria, or Italian farmer's inn, with Vesuvius erupting and Italian cooking; another to the main ball-room; another to the Turkish coffee-room, with the view of the Golden Horn; another to the faithful replica of a 1900 Berlin beer saloon; but far and away the most spectacular is the Rhine Terrace, with its panorama of St. Goarshausen, on which a perfectly good thunderstorm with lightning and tropical rain descends every two hours.

I MIGHT go on down the list, but as I write, at midnight, I hear half a dozen police whistles blowing outside my hotel. It gives me the opportunity of saying that, unless the police wear their chin-straps under their chins, there is never any real danger of a rough house. And to-day they were all wearing their helmets without the chin-straps.

BERLIN is one of the politest and most orderly towns in the world. Everybody says "Good-morning" to everybody else. You always call a waiter the equivalent of "maître d'hôtel." You raise your hat and say "Inspector" to a policeman, who salutes and calls you the German for milord.

Potsdam, with the famous Sans Souci palace, built by Frederick the Great, is about forty minutes away by car. It is the home of the aristocratic Germans who lost all their money when the mark collapsed in 1924. Fortunately for some of them, the Ufa Film Studios are only two miles away, and many are the countesses and baronesses who are glad to earn a pound a day doing crowd work, and in dance scenes wearing their own genuine diamond tiaras. This has been happening for the past month, where a film, based on Metternich and the Congress of Vienna, is just being completed.

The upper photograph shows the Grand Old Man of Germany, President Hindenberg, at a session of the German House of Parliament. The lower is a bird's-eye view of the great Templehof Aerodrome, where entertainments are also given

More physical culture. German frauleins practising out of doors jugglery as a course in gymnastics

ON your way out to Potsdam you pass the famous swimming resort of Berlin known as Wannsee. There is a chain of lakes surrounded by pine forests. The largest of these lakes has a beach on which as many as 50,000 people will be seated, while another 50,000 go bathing. Others, again, paddle about in canoes or dinghies, and must be seen to be believed.

CLOSE to Wannsee is the best golf course in Germany, where the English team of woman golfers has just trounced the No. 1 team of German men players—playing level, but with the women driving from the forward tees. Mrs. Percy Garon beat the Wannsee club champion by 5 and 4; while Miss Rabbidge went round the course in two under par the first time she saw it.

TO return to Berlin. You will find that in the hot weather the men just remove their coats in the streets and walk with them over their arm. Both men and women at the week-ends will go to a mysterious place known as "M. M.," where they all discard clothes. I was taken there last week by a pretty German film actress. Men and women wore nothing at all. You felt just as though you were in a human zoo. Of course, all visitors must also strip completely.

In addition to the golf course, Wannsee, about eleven miles from Berlin, possesses lakes where bathing is indulged in. How popular this is can be seen from the crowded beach seen in the photograph above

The Pariser Platz, showing one end of the Unter den Linden, the most famous boulevard in Berlin. This is the thoroughfare of which the Berliners are most proud

BERLIN is a surprising city. Even the barmen add on 10 per cent. to your bill by way of a tip to themselves. As for the hall porters—they make fortunes. At the Esplanade, which is far and away the best hotel in Berlin, the two hall-porters made, between them, far more than the managing director of the hotel. The doorman at the Adlon makes £3,000 a year after paying the hotel £1,500.

ON the other side of the picture is the sight of perhaps five leading bankers sitting in the foyer of the Esplanade wondering which way to turn for money for their own personal needs. So acute has been the position that one American banker told me that his telephone bill at this hotel has been £200 a week for nearly a month. From whatever angle you look at it, Germany's capital is one of the best built, gayest, and politest cities in the world. C. G.

FILMLAND THROUGH THE LOOKING-GLASS

A novel impression, obtained by photographing a reflection in a mirror, of a scene in the Edgar Wallace racing film, "The Calendar," being "shot." Leslie Perrins and Anne Grey, seen above, are members of the cast, which includes Herbert Marshall, Edna Best and Gordon Parker. This Gainsborough-British Lion Talkie is being produced by Hays Hunter, and the Make-up Director is Jerry Fairbanks, who has rapidly become the super Willie Clarkson of the film world

THE EAST IN THE WEST

The Sultan of Morocco arriving at the French Colonial Exhibition. He was escorted by Marshal Lyautey, to whom the exhibition owed its inception

THE Sultan of Morocco arrived in Paris in a blaze of colour and on a Mussulman's holiday, for his chief object was to visit the Colonial Exhibition. He was accompanied by his flashing Black Guard, so called in case they were mistaken for something else, for the French public was considerably mystified when the band of the British Royal Horse Guards recently played at the exhibition without any horses in evidence. Several members of the Black Guard were stationed at the door of the Hôtel Crillon, where the Sultan stayed, looking like Bakst drawings, with their red plus-fours and curving swords and white sugar-loaf hats. The mounted Garde Republicaine were out in all their rival glory, and a great crowd was continually stationed before the hotel. In passing by, a French friend remarked to me, "The Sultan of Morocco is our only friend. The rest of the world only likes us when we are in trouble." Beside the fêtes given in his honour at the Exhibition, the Sultan with his suite lunched at the Château de Rambouillet, where the President of France is in residence at the present time.

RAMBOUILLET will shortly be the scene of the annual diplomatic shoot, the official party where everybody shoots except the President. Not that there is any regulation against the President's shooting, but Presidents do not seem to be built that way, which is just as well. Some years ago, during the diplomatic shoot at Rambouillet, the President let fly a load of shot which hit a certain colonel a posteriori, and, to salve his wounded feelings, the Minister of War advised the President to raise the victim's rank to General, which he did. Thus conveniently are the seats of the more or less mighty sometimes upholstered.

THE ALL-INVADING TRICORN

Mme. Dubonnet, who was formerly Mrs. Nash and said to be the best-dressed woman in Europe, on the links at Deauville. Even when golfing she remains loyal to the latest style in feminine head-gear

A FRIEND OF FRANCE IN PARIS

By SYLVIA LYON

I HAVE often thought what a great service to the world could be achieved if a gossipy bi-annual "Who's Who" could be published identifying characters in novels. The Princesse Marthe Bibesco's "Croisade pour l'Anémone," which is now running serially in the *Revue de Paris*, is dedicated to the late Lord Thomson, for the author herself was the heroine of Lord Thomson's "Smaranda." The form of "Croisade pour l'Anémone" is a series of letters, and the first letter is addressed to "Oncle Abbé," whom I know to be in real life the Abbé Mugnier.

THIS most worldly and popular and dining-out saint also figures in Mary Borden's "The Woman With White Eyes," the only change the author having made is in having the abbé wear a brown cassock instead of a black one. What fun it would be, I thought, to tell "my public" who some of the other characters are in real life. Marcella, of course, is Elsa Maxwell, while the lady who goes in for gymnastics and stands on her head for an hour a day is Lady Mendl. In order to make this subject less true to life, however, Mary Borden makes Lady Mendl an ardent bridge player, which I don't think she is.

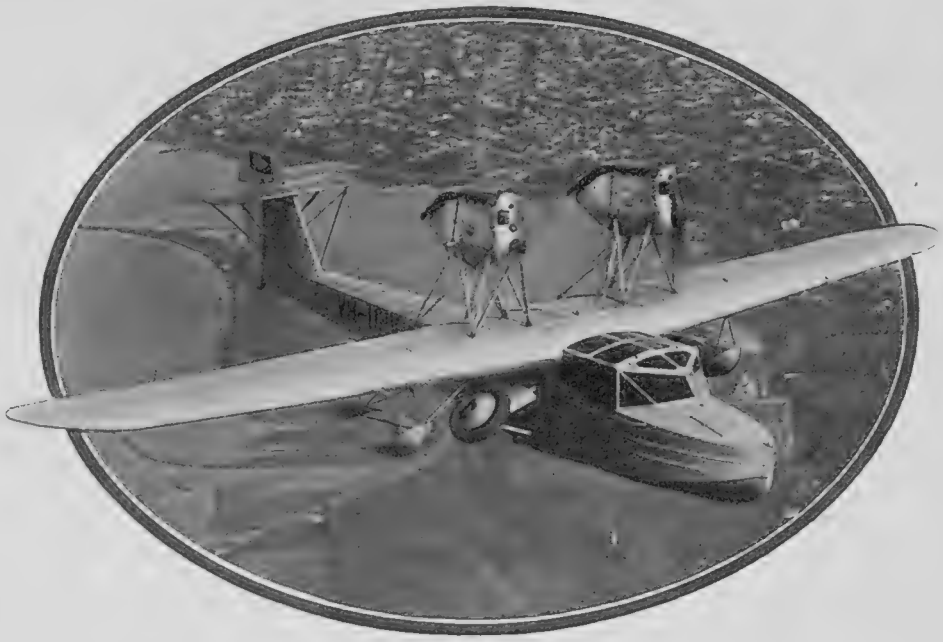
IN reading Karsavina's "Theatre Street," I see that, although the dancer mentions "Madame Edwards" as having been responsible for raising the subscription that brought Diaghileff to Paris, Karsavina *might* have identified the Madame Edwards of 1910 in a more up-to-date way, for Madame Edwards, as she then was, is to-day Madame Missia Sert, who, until about two years ago, was the wife of José Maria Sert, the Spanish mural painter, and who used to set Venice agog by bathing at the Lido wearing her marvellous diamonds.

S. L.

FLYING NOTES

THE PRIVATE OWNER WITH THE WORLD BEFORE HIM

BY
CAPT. H. H. BALFOUR, M.C., M.P.



A Cutty Sark Amphibian, with two Gipsy engines, flying over Melbourne. Carrying four people, a machine of this type, which can alight on land or water, was used by the author of this article during a recent tour of Europe

THROUGHOUT history there has been in each age at least one new development. We have had the iron ship and the steam engine, the telegraph, the internal-combustion engine, and wireless—now we have the flying machine in the Air Age. In each case the British have been in the forefront, and have turned these developments to their own and their country's advantage. As it was with the others, so will it be with aviation, and one of the directions of development lies in extending the ever-growing sport and utility of private flying.

The private owner who flies about England, Scotland, and Ireland, also parts of the Continent, Asia, and Africa, which are within his range, given the time, some little experience and desire for travel far afield, gains with each journey something which he can never obtain by using any other form of transport. The flier gets a feeling of exhilaration, a beauty of view and sense of mental joy that nothing other than flying can supply. Every journey is different—each one "has a kick in it."

THE private owner need have no fears about flying if he will not try to run before he can walk. My advice to any new pilot is to gain experience by cross-country work in all sorts of weather conditions. After obtaining an A licence there is a feeling of over-confidence. The proud holder should realise that, though he or she may have navigated the aeroplane successfully through the required test, only one step towards becoming a proficient pilot has been taken. The next most important is experience in different weather. At first cross-country trips are only to neighbouring aerodromes and in good weather. Gradually, with experience, the trips become longer, indifferent to weather, with courses carefully planned by map and compass. Landings will no longer be made at organised aerodromes, but at landing grounds and in friendly fields picked out from the air with the easy eye of experience. It is when this stage has been reached that the full use of the private aeroplane is available to the proud owner.

I have been round England in two easy days on a business trip which would have meant five days' motoring, with no time for any interviews or conferences in the evenings, for, in a car, one would have to be on the road all day till dinner-time. By aeroplane I had landed and the machine was put away each evening by 5 p.m.

THE "ETERNAL CITY" FROM THE AIR

A view of Rome as it appears to the airman. This wonderful city is well within the range of a private owner who has a few days to spare for flying

I HAVE toured leisurely to Scotland, calling at friends' houses; and, although my machine at that time had but a low-powered Mark II Cirrus, I was able to land on and get out of fields without any trouble. Between Coldstream and Peebles, up the Tweed Valley, I touched ground no fewer than five times. Then, two days later, I started back to London, leaving at 11 a.m., and was having tea in my club at 5 p.m., after a stop for lunch at Cat terick. What other form of

A remarkable new machine undergoing tests at Croydon. It is built on the Mono-spar principle by means of which considerable saving in weight is effected, also slow landing and slow take-off. A perfect view in almost every direction is given thus reducing the risk of collisions to a minimum

transport can give this variety, joy, or speed? On another occasion I left Croydon at 5 p.m., loaded up with passenger, rods, waders, landing nets, tackle, and suit-cases for two. We landed at Blagdon, Somerset, in a field by the lakeside at 6.30 p.m. The engine, propeller and cockpit covers were adjusted, and the machine pegged down by 7 o'clock. By 7.30 we were fishing, and by 8 p.m. I had lost the biggest fish I ever hooked! We thought no more of the machine until 8 a.m. on a rainy Monday morning, and, taking off, arrived at Croydon with a following wind at 9.15. By 10 a.m. I was in my office in London. How else could I have fished until midnight on Sunday, slept comfortably, and been back in Town by office hours on Monday? I only mention these as typical examples of the business and pleasure use to which a light aeroplane can be put in England today. When, within the next few years, there are aerodromes attached to every town and village of any size, the utility of the private aeroplane will be correspondingly increased.

THE cost of private flying per mile is not excessive when compared with that of a medium-powered car. The average light aeroplane engine takes five gallons of petrol an hour at 80 miles per hour; seven gallons per hour would be used cruising at 110 miles per hour, or nearly sixteen miles per gallon. Other costs depend on the amount of use the aeroplane has. Engine top overhauls and decarbonising can be carried out by the qualified owner-pilot just as well as the mechanically minded car-owner who can take down his own engine. The chief items are repairs to the airframe in case of accidental damage and insurance premiums. Damage should be negligible if the pilot never takes a risk, and never tries to do more than his, or her, experience justifies. Insurance is heavy, but even this item decreases as underwriters get to know the experience and skill of the individual pilot.

Once a year the machine must have its Government Certificate of Airworthiness renewed. This costs £5 5s., and, in addition, there may be small sums for renewal of worn parts before the inspector will pass the machine out for a further twelve months. Sooner or later this Government inspection will be entirely relegated to approved insurance bodies, but I can vouch from personal experience that the A.I.D. Inspectors by their courtesy and efficiency make the payment well worth while, for the owner knows that his machine has been tested and found sound from top to bottom.

DURING a year's flying, if care is taken by a conscientious owner, any necessary adjustment, small replacement or top overhaul can be made without expert assistance, and with the sole aid of the maker's instruction books for aircraft and engine.

As regard housing, a garage shed or dry barn is quite sufficient if proper hangar facilities are not available. The modern light aeroplane can be pushed from its shed, with its tail on a little portable trolley to make progress easier over rough flooring, its wings opened out, engine started and everything ready for flight inside five minutes. Conversely, it can be put to bed after flight in just as short a time. I always think that it pays to keep the cockpit and engine covers in place, even when the machine is garaged, for dirt and dust may otherwise accumulate, and needless time is taken up in cleaning. For a keen owner it is easy to service a light aeroplane, given common sense and responsibility.

MISS HARRIET COHEN

The famous pianist, who has taken up flying to enable her to keep her appointments with comfort. She is seen at Heston before going up

I HAVE been asked if the owner who flies only in the summer months, storing his machine in the winter, is likely to forget how to pilot and find difficulty when trying to land after a period off flying. My answer is that it depends on experience. Certainly judgment for close landings or stunt flying may become rusty through months of absence from the controls, but the experienced pilot can always go up and in fifteen minutes be as happy and at home in the air as ever he was. For a pilot who has only done fifty to 150 hours in the air, I should advise, after a break of two months or more, ten minutes' dual flying, with three or four landings before going off alone.

One could write almost indefinitely on flying for the private pilot. My advice to those interested is not to read only, but to go out and try it. Many a doubter has visited an aerodrome, seen machines at work, had a trial lesson, come away an enthusiast, and in a few weeks himself or herself become a private owner, gaining health, a new outlook and a fresh interest in life which only flying can supply.

So now, sir or madam, "Go ye and do likewise." H. H. B.

Good Reading

An interesting book which should certainly not be missed is an illustrated history of the Cinque Ports Flying Club, beautifully got up by the versatile club secretary, Mr. Dallas-Brett. Although rather slim, it contains a wealth of information on most of the subjects likely to interest anyone contemplating taking up aviation. By the way, an interesting fact came to light recently when a visitor enquired how much money was taken at the bar. An examination of the books reveals the fact that it averages rather less than £9 weekly. The club has a membership numbering 150. This is the only comment I have to make on the recent attack on flying clubs by a Sunday newspaper in the matter of excessive drinking.

Our SCHNEIDER TROPHY TEAM in TRAINING

Thanks to the great public-spirited generosity of Lady Houston, who, it is sincerely hoped, will soon have recovered from the severe burns she sustained when her motor boat caught fire at Cowes, Great Britain is enabled to defend the Schneider Trophy against France and Italy. The accompanying photographs were taken at Calshot, where our team is now in training for next month's great contest.

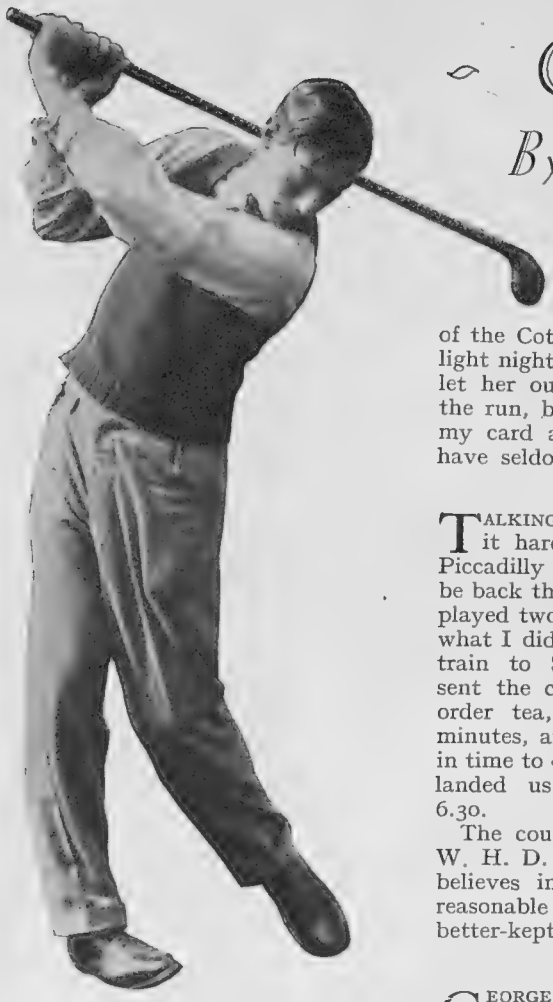
One of the new 1931 Vickers-Supermarine Rolls-Royce S6B machines with which we shall defend the Schneider Trophy over the Solent on September 16. These wonderful new craft are virtually flying radiators, and are capable of flying at six miles a minute

Three of the British Schneider Trophy team at Calshot, where the trials have been taking place. From left to right are Flight-Lieut. Long, Squadron-Leader A. H. Orlebar, the captain of the team, and Flight-Lieut. Dry

Above: Lieut. G. L. Brinton, R.N., is seen in N219 leaving the slipway preparatory to a trial flight, and on the right Flying Officer L. S. Snaith is taxi-ing over the water at Calshot before taking off in another of our Schneider Trophy machines

GOLF GOSSIP

By Lieut.-Col. W. Elwy Jones



A GOLFING HOLIDAY

Lord Dalmeny driving off from the first tee at Gleneagles. Lord Rosebery's heir, he celebrated his coming-of-age on the first day of this month

DOES car driving affect one's golf? After a recent experience I am more than ever convinced that it does. I was playing in a four-ball match at Sunningdale this week. We motored down in a car driven by the best player of the four.

* * *

WE drove very quietly, but the traffic was trying, and the roads in parts extremely bumpy. The driver was clean off his game for about fourteen holes, and could do nothing right. There was no other explanation, so one is forced to the conclusion that the vibration on one's wrists, or the strain, both physical and nervous, is bad for golf. I remember hearing some years ago that J. H. Taylor started to ride to meetings on a motor cycle, but gave it up as he found it upset his play.

* * *

I ONCE left London at midnight to play in rather an important competition at Porthcawl. The car I was driving was capable of doing over 100 m.p.h., and the temptation of the Cotswolds on a beautiful moonlight night proved too great for me. I let her out, and broke my record for the run, but was compelled to tear up my card after about three holes, and have seldom played a worse game.

* * *

TALKING of motoring to golf courses, it hardly seems possible to be in Piccadilly Circus at 1.10 p.m. and to be back there at 6.40 p.m. after having played two rounds, but this is precisely what I did lately. We caught the 1.20 train to Sidcup, played one round, sent the caddies in from the 16th to order tea, over which we spent ten minutes, and completed another round in time to catch the 6 p.m. train, which landed us at Charing Cross before 6.30.

The course is in fine trim, and Mr. W. H. D. Chamberlain, the secretary, believes in keeping the rough within reasonable limits. There are very few better-kept courses.

* * *

GEORGE GRAVES, of *Florodora* fame, vouches for the truth of the following story. Two years ago, when playing at East Brighton, he sliced his tee shot to a dip below a green around which a number of sheep and lambs were grazing. He played what appeared to be a perfect chip shot to the green; but, on arriving there, no ball could be found. He and his partner and the two caddies searched for some time, when a spectator suddenly espied the ball firmly lodged between the shoulders of an extremely woolly ewe.

A consultation between George and his caddie took place. The latter suggested they should drive the ewe to the green, seize the beast, and "tip her up." Eventually, George approached, and stealthily, to use his own words, brushed the ball off with his mashie! What is the rule for this?

* * *

AFTER eight years Scotland defeated England in the International match at Hoylake, needless to say in atrocious weather. Scotland richly deserved her victory, and, considering the weather, the play was excellent.

Gallant little Wales, having halved the foursomes with Scotland, went down to Ireland by 12 matches to 3. D. R. Lewis brought off a surprise victory over Charles Hazlet.

* * *

SUNDAY golf has been banned by the Pwllheli Golf Club.

* * *

KATHLEEN GARNHAM has just crossed to Germany to join the other British women already over there for the German Women's Championship at Hamburg. She has been playing very good golf of late, and I expect her to be well in the running.

* * *

THE Eden Tournament at St. Andrews attracted a record entry of 337. R. B. Lawrence's score of 76 over the new course was remarkably good. The new course is considered to be three strokes harder than the Eden.

* * *

G. GILLESPIE won the Sixsnith Challenge Cup at the Criccieth Summer Meeting, beating W. Fair in the final by 3 and 2.

Criccieth is well known as the home course of Mr. Lloyd George, whom we all hope will soon be well enough to play golf once more.

* * *

MY caddie the other day was the best I have ever had. The course was strange to me, and several times I had to rely entirely upon his judgment of the club to be used; not once was he wrong. When we started out I noticed that he took two balls from the bag and on each tee he presented me with a perfectly clean ball, cleaning one while I played a hole with the other. It is a pity that there are not more caddies like this one.

A foursome caught by the camera at North Berwick. They are Lord Ronald Graham (left) and his father, the Duke of Montrose, Mr. Balfour Melville, and the Prince of Monaco

MR. LIONEL LESLIE

The author of that most entertaining book, "Wilderness Trails in Three Continents." It is published by Heath Cranton at 10s. 6d.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE

WIT, WISDOM AND SUNBATHING

BY "JUNIUS"

BOOKS on big-game hunting have a limited appeal, confined, on the one hand, to those who have experienced its excitements, on the other to those whose sense of adventure would lead them along the same paths if opportunity and their purses permitted. But Mr. Lionel A. D. Leslie's book, *Wilderness Trails in Three Continents* (Heath Cranton: 10*s.* 6*d.*), has a general appeal, first because of the genial, simple style in which it is written, and then because of his keen observation of strange peoples and scenery, as well as of the habits of wild beasts and birds in out-of-the-way places in three continents. If Mr. Leslie's book doesn't cover the world "from China to Peru," it covers it from China to Labrador—a remarkable odyssey of sport.

As a soldier in India, Mr. Leslie hunted bears with the Santal aborigines in Orissa. Then he crossed the Himalayas to the borders of Tibet, where he found himself amongst a people who never wash. "A Tibetan is given a coating of butter when he is about a year or two old, and this coating lasts him for the rest of his life. . . . Dirt is looked upon as such an asset that a bride is not considered worthy unless she is well begrimed." Next, during a secret reconnaissance of the coast of Bengal and Orissa, he hunted bison in the Chittagong Hills, tigers in the Sunderbunds, and made more than a passing acquaintance with crocodiles and panthers. Three years later he was in Burma, and, after travelling nearly a thousand miles up the Irrawaddy, crossed the mountains on foot into the Chinese frontier province of Yunnan. Few Europeans have penetrated into this part of China, still untouched by Western civilisation, or have come in contact with the Lisu tribesmen, so primitive that they still use cross-bows and arrows poisoned with aconite.

MR. LESLIE'S second continent was Africa, where, in Tanganyika, he hunted lion and rhinoceros. Comparing India and Africa as shooting-grounds, Mr. Leslie says: "In the matter of abundance the latter country brooks no rival; I can assert that in one day on the Plains I have seen more head of game than I have during my whole period in the East." Tanganyika to Labrador is a far cry, but distance means nothing to the author, and last year he went with an expedition sent out by the Royal Geographical Society and the Newfoundland Government to explore the interior of Labrador, "a land of hidden trails, lost rivers, and unknown lakes, where man is still a stranger and intruder." Here, too, his observation is as keen, with descriptions as vivid as those of the East and Africa. Mr. Leslie has the happy gift of conveying to his readers the atmosphere and colouring of all the places in his many wanderings—an unusual gift in a big-game hunter.

IT is unjust to consider opinions or theories set forth in a novel as being the author's personal expressions. But, after reading *Sunwards* (Chapman and Hall: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Geo. C. Foster, I am left with a strong suspicion that this author is an advocate of mixed sun-bathing in puris naturalibus. If I am wrong, Mr. Foster has only himself to blame. And for this reason. Marigold Gildroy—presented to us as a typically modern girl—starts mixed sun-bathing parties of her girl and boy friends in her father's woods in Surrey. They are all quite naked and none of them are ashamed. Several times throughout the book the opinion is expressed that such gatherings made for morality, and as the only member of this group of young people who slips from the path of moral rectitude—Marigold's brother, Christopher—is the only one who keeps on his clothes, what else can you think but that the author is in sympathy with Marigold Gildroy and her friends?

FOR the rest the story tells of the coming of the motor car and the iconoclastic changes it has brought to the country in the last thirty years. On one point I think Mr. Foster is wrong psychologically. Marigold's parents, Jennifer and Peter Gildroy, although they are Edwardian, would never have acquiesced so quietly in that sun-bathing camp, Jennifer more especially. Some of Mr. Foster's descriptions are as explicit as the picture on the "jacket" of his book, which, I take it, is intended to represent sun-bathing. Never, never would a book with such a "jacket" find a place on the bookstall at a Church bazaar.

MRS. SIDNEY REILLY

Who has edited and completed the astonishing book on espionage, "Sidney Reilly: Britain's Master Spy" (Elkin Mathews and Marrot: 10s. 6d.). She was well known on the stage as Pepita Bobadilla

SIR JAMES CRICHTON-BROWNE has been happily inspired to make, as he describes it, "another levy on my old note-book larder." His first book, *What the Doctor Thought*, gave us an inkling of the wit, erudition, philosophy, and engrossing interest in human nature which lay hidden within the covers of those books. We have more of these extracts, serious and gay, in *The Doctor's Second Thoughts* (Benn: 7*s.* 6*d.*). These quotations show Sir James in his lighter vein:—

"Telegram—'Your mother-in-law is dead! Do you wish her buried, embalmed, or cremated?'

"The reply was, 'Play for safety. I should like all three!'"

"1880.—The South-west of Scotland held at one time the palm for illegitimacy and regarded it lightly. I hope things are better now, but I remember my friend, Miss H., telling me that when she was teaching in a Sunday school in Galloway she asked a nice bright little boy who his father was, to which he replied, 'I hae nae faither; my mither took me for obligement to a gentleman.'"

This is one of the books to keep by your bedside, a stimulating book in every sense of the word.

FICTIONALLY, Mrs. Diver has made Anglo-India her own. Once more in *Ships of Youth* (Blackwood: 7*s.* 6*d.*) she gives us a picture of life and duty amongst English folk in the great

DOGS

FINNS AND FOXES — By Lady Kitty Ritson

It is a most curious thing how a breed, for no particular reason, will hang fire for a time and then suddenly leap into fame. A short time ago I mentioned the Finnish Spitz, and there were some pictures of the breed in this paper. At that moment the dogs were only eligible for Any Variety classes, now there is a special class being provided for them, and tremendous excitement has been caused by the statement that the breed originated from a dog and fox cross. This statement has given rise to endless and somewhat acrimonious discussion, as zoo-ologists will not admit that such a cross is possible, although there have been some apparently well-vouched-for dog and fox litters.

According to Zoo-ology, the fox, dog and wolf belong to the same phylum, class, order, sub-order, family, and genus, and are divided into the dog, Canis familiaris; the wolf, Canis lupus; and the fox, Canis vulpes. So in practically all respects they are similar. I cannot therefore understand why zoo-ologists are so certain that there can be no cross possible. It should be easy enough to prove the truth of the matter in the Zoo.

Personally, I once witnessed the mating of a Pomeranian and fox in Germany, but I cannot say that I know whether there was a resultant litter. At any rate, all this discussion has brought the Finnish Spitz into great prominence, and now a very celebrated stud-dog is being imported from Finland on purpose to improve the breed, so it has become even more popular. No doubt its chestnut colour has done a lot to popularise it. But, as I said before, public fancy is a funny thing. Now the Finnish Spitz is becoming the rage, while Keeshonden still hang fire, in spite of a lot of propaganda. Of course, the former are a better size for the average house.

GOING NORTH ON DUTY BOUND

Sir George Thursby ushering two of his gun-dogs into the guard's van at King's Cross en route for the moors of the North

People often ask me what breed of dog I recommend when only one is kept, and I can assure you that you cannot do better than to invest in a beagle. Over here there is an idea that beagles are only suitable for a pack; on the contrary, they make charming pets, they are intelligent, clean, and most affectionate. In addition, when you go away for a week-end into the country your beagle will put up a rabbit or two for you, and you can have great sport with the little dog. I advise anybody who likes a small sporting dog to try this breed

There are any amount of nice "picnic" shows in the near future, and it is often amusing during the holidays to drop into a dog show which is held in a large park or gardens. There is Princes Risborough on August 20 and Thames on September 19 (at the latter you could have the inestimable joy of watching me judge wire-haired dachshunds!), and if that isn't enough to tempt you to attend, I give up! There is Marton, Blackpool (Agricultural and Dog Show) August 19; so you see there are plenty of good shows ahead. Sheffield has a big working and stunting dogs exhibition in September, which ought to prove a draw, as it is in aid of the Children's Hospital.

BOOKS AND PEOPLE (*continued*)

Dependency, which, personally, I think no other of our novelists could have written. The hero, Lawrence Desmond, is a descendant of Mrs. Diver's famous Captain Desmond, V.C. He marries Eve Challoner, and against a background of modern India—an India vastly changed since Mrs. Diver first began to enchant us with her books—life in Kohat, and in the hill State of Chitral, we have a study in modern marriage in India. It is a long novel—some five hundred and sixty pages—but it holds your interest from beginning to end by its reality and its romance.

Do our older novelists know their world better than our younger ones? After reading *The New Poor* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Rita, I am inclined to think that they do. So many of our younger writers just give you a phase, or a suggestion, of one side of their subject. The older ones, like Rita, give you the whole of their subject. Like her, too, they use a big canvas and fill it with figures and incident which convey the actuality, not of a section, but of a whole society. Lady Vivienne St. George and Geoffrey Gale are types of the "new poor," and the manner in which they meet their poverty has given Rita the opportunity for one of her happiest novels.

Film "fans" will certainly be interested in *Star Gazing* (Peter Davies: 6*s.*), by June Head. Other folk less interested in the personalities that earn their owners many thousands a year in the film studios will learn much from the history of the cinema, which occupies the first part of the book. The careers of some of the film stars have been very much a case of "up like the rocket and down like the stick." Miss Head obviously writes from inside knowledge, but I doubt if her book will endear her to some of the people she writes about.

Is Captain Sidney Reilly, a member of the British Intelligence Service during the War, alive or dead? His wife believes that he is still alive, held a prisoner in Moscow by the Bolshevists, in spite of a report that he was killed whilst crossing the Russian frontier four years ago, and of another report that he had been executed in Moscow in the following year. The amazing story of Reilly's life in Russia, and how close he was to ending the present régime, is told in *Sidney Reilly: Britain's Master Spy* (Elkin Mathews and Marrot: 10*s.* 6*d.*), a narrative written by himself and edited and completed by his wife, whose first husband was Haddon Chambers, the playwright. Nothing in fiction could exceed Reilly's ingenuity in escaping the net the Tcheka were perpetually trying to cast over him. But he went to Russia once too often, and, whether he is alive or not, that deadly secret service, with its agents provocateurs in every country, has triumphed. Reilly wrote that, though the Bolshevists were in a very small minority, the population was cowed by a secret terror which had an element of the supernatural. "The vengeance of the Tcheka was so swift, so silent, so sure. You could trust nobody. The brother born from the same womb as you; the wife of your bosom; the woman of your heart, might be in league against you."

John Carrick, the hero of Miss Ursula Bloom's latest novel, *Pack Mule* (Hutchinson: 7*s.* 6*d.*), was the victim of his environment. His aspirations led him in one direction, his lack of will power in another. The inevitable result was tragedy, after a sordid marriage. I have read books by Miss Bloom that I like better, but John Carrick is certainly a brilliant study of an unhappy temperament.

If you like translations you will be interested in *Balkan Tavern* (Toulmin: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Panait Istrati, translated by Anthony Thorne; and *The Hero* (Secker: 7*s.* 6*d.*), by Alfred Neumann, translated by Huntley Paterson. The first is a story of village life in Roumania to-day, ending with the wild, romantic, and often brutal doings of old-time bandits. *The Hero* is a psychological study of a German ex-officer, become a dancer in a cabaret, both before and after he shoots a Prime Minister.

"Junius."

Second Sight—

(with Apologies to Lewis Carroll's Musical Gardener)

He thought he saw a Guinness glass
As big as the Town Hall;
He looked again, and found it was
A poster on the wall.
"The one thing I regret," he said,
"Is that I am so small!"

He thought he saw a Horoscope
That told his future fate;
He looked again, and found it was
A Guinness by his plate.
"At length I realise," he said,
"That my good luck is great!"

He thought he saw an open door
As he lay ill in bed;
He looked again, and found it was
A Guinness with its head.
"Some draughts," he said, "might do me harm,
This does me good, instead."

GUINNESS

IS GOOD FOR YOU

G.E.164

SHOOTING NOTES

EFFECT OF THE FINANCIAL CRISIS

BY "CLODHOPPER"

THE present article is written on the eve of the Twelfth, and, as expressed in my Shooting Notes of last week, I am convinced that bags will prove to be far better on the whole than many people—including not a few of our contemporaries — anticipate. Grouse will, doubtless, be "patchy," and even scarce, on some of the less-favoured English, Scottish, and Welsh moors. But it is not so much the lack of birds as the paucity of tenants that is troubling such landowners, country folk, and tradesmen as depend largely, and in some cases entirely, upon the revenue brought into the moorland and forest districts by visiting grouse-shooters and deer-stalkers.

STILL, while admitting that the falling off in the demand for shootings in the Highlands is serious enough, considering the state of the money market and the financial crisis at home, in America, Germany, and, for that matter, in every part of the world, there has not, in my opinion, been sufficient cause for the utterly depressing and despondent reports of the grouse shooting and deer-stalking prospects which have been only too prominent in a certain section of the daily and weekly Press of late. The same kind of unreliable and misleading forecasts were widely circulated just before the beginning of last season, notwithstanding that 1930 narrowly missed being a record grouse year. Such misreports are the means of "putting off" prospective shooting tenants, particularly wealthy Americans, who invariably look for real good value in grouse or venison in exchange for the almighty dollar.

MOST of the tenantless moors lie in the central Highlands, though the trouble is not confined to any particular part of the northern districts. Proprietors and agents, however, are still hopeful of finding tenants for some of the shootings in question, at reduced rentals it is true, but half a loaf is better than no bread. Those of the Lowland grouse moors which are not retained by the owners themselves have let remarkably well, while very few deer forests of note remain unlet. I learn from a Highland stalker of great experience that red deer are in forward condition, and that the early stags will be clear of velvet by August 20. Heads, generally speaking, might be better, but weights promise to be good. Forests that have not found tenants will, probably, be shot over at so much per stag, the usual figure ranging from £15 to £25 a head. Taking all things into consideration, I venture to say that neither proprietors nor tenants of shootings north of the Tweed have very much to growl about bar the infernal weather, which may well play the very deuce with sport.

John and Philip Cunliffe-Lister in the butts, with their mother, Lady Cunliffe-Lister. The photograph was taken during the shoot given by their father, Sir Philip, over Sourmire Moor, Masham, Yorks

MAX BAKER'S SHOOTING NOTE

A CHANGE OF COSTUME.

A VERY serious responsibility rests on the shoulders of the shooting fraternity which few of them realise. Their predecessors endowed humanity with a costume, the donning of which converts the wearer into the semblance of a sportsman. Now all the world has adopted an exaggerated edition of the uniform, with the consequence that plus fours, as they are styled, have become a parade garment rather than a working dress. Admittedly, its monstrous form has been somewhat moderated of late, but the suggestion of a deflated balloon still remains. Judged by the test of walking over moors, amongst turnips or in covert, its standard of utility is low. As a collector of burrs and moisture it certainly stands supreme. In India an alternative garment, the "Jodhpur," has made enormous headway. In appearance the acme of smartness, yet the effect is so obviously useful as to deny all suggestion of the ornate. At first a pair of riding breeches, tight at knee and continuing to the ankle as close-fitting gaiters, it has gradually extended its vogue to all going where flapping trousers are a nuisance. Moreover, it saves the use of stockings which are troublesome in sundry respects. Sporting tailors at one time monopolised the art of making presentable country clothes, since when the servers of common manhood have made remarkable strides. Here, then, is an opportunity of regaining their supremacy and in the process satisfying a real need. At a time when India is so much to the fore, what finer compliment could there be than to adopt, with modifications appropriate to the conditions, the wonderful garment invented by that famous Prince and sportsman whose name it bears?

BUT what about the shooting prospects in the South, and how are the tax-burdened southern owners of grouse moors, partridge manors and big covert shoots faring in regard to letting the sporting rights over their estates? Badly enough, I can assure you. Glance through the advertisement pages of the sporting newspapers and you will find that there is a far greater number of important sporting estates for sale and shoots to let than ever before.

IN some cases landowners have been fortunate enough to let their shoots on a long lease. In the event of the game thereon consisting mainly of partridges, they are doubly fortunate, for in most cultivated districts, including Norfolk, Cambridgeshire and Hampshire, the "little brown bird" has been practically washed out of existence, and partridge shoots are going begging.

THE sporting rights over some of the best East Anglian, Midland and North of England estates and grouse moors have, in previous years, been mopped up by wealthy manufacturers or syndicates of business men from big provincial towns and cities such as Manchester, Birmingham, Coventry, Leeds, Bradford and Nottingham. But the majority of these good sportsmen have been so hard hit by the industrial and agricultural slump that they must, perforce, await "the turn of the tide" before again indulging in their favourite branch of field sport.

AS an example of the difficulty there is in letting shooting, even within a very easy journey by road or rail from London, I may mention that the noted Coombe Court preserves remain, for the first time in years, without a tenant. This beautifully wooded and exceptionally well-stocked 1,500-acre shoot consists mainly of pheasants, though there are partridges, woodcock (in their season), hares, thousands of rabbits and pigeons. Fourteen hundred pheasants have been turned down in the coverts this year, and the owner is willing to let the sole sporting rights over the same for the comparatively small sum of £500 for the season. The mansion, which is a beautiful old place, would also be let if required. Anyone interested should communicate with the owner, Mr. George Pinckard, J.P., Coombe Court, near Witley, Surrey.

A Shot Gun that will get its share of the bag.

A B.S.A. Shot Gun is not a "cheap" gun in the generally accepted sense of that word. It is an inexpensive gun, from 16 gns. for Ejector model, but in the things that matter most, pattern and penetration, you will find it at least equal to any gun you've ever handled, no matter how costly.

Get a B.S.A. Shot Gun

We have a full range of models in stock and cordially invite you to call and try one for yourself on our private range. No obligation, of course. As a preliminary, may we send you a Catalogue?

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For the Sportsman and Every Man

. . . *for every day wear*

There is only one weathercoat for the sportsman and the moors—The Shooting Valstar—specially designed by experts to overcome the handicap usually associated with shooting in a coat.

Cut on generous lines, its special "pivot" sleeves enable the gun to "come up" with perfect ease and freedom, and without a suspicion of "drag." Its two-way pocket permits cartridges to be carried dry and got at with a minimum of trouble.

Light to wear or carry, its self-ventilating cloth allows the air to penetrate, and keeps one cool when the going is heavy on the heather when changing butts, and gives perfect weather protection throughout the day. Ask for the Shooting Valstar with the pivot sleeves when ordering.

VALSTARS FOR MEN CAN BE OBTAINED FROM **73/6.**

Every Valstar Weathercoat carries the Valstar label which guarantees sterling service and unfailing satisfaction.

VALSTAR WEATHERCOATS

"For any weather and every day."

Sold by leading stores, drapers and outfitters. If you have difficulty in obtaining, write to the manufacturers for patterns, name of nearest retailer, and descriptive literature.

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(Dept. B), VALSTAR WORKS, PENDLETON, MANCHESTER

See it with a **'VEDET'** Pocket Prism **TELESCOPE**

Gives a new zest to holidays, rambles, tours, race meetings, regattas, etc., at home and abroad.

A powerful prismatic with magnification of eight diameters, yet weighing only 7 ozs. and measuring but 4 ins. in length.

Prism binocular construction but with only one barrel and easier focusing than possible with the far heavier binoculars. You always see it—if you have a "VEDET."

Complete in soft leather bag for pocket or handbag.

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No fuss with cuffs or rolling of sleeves for a wash or the odd job, **pull up yoursleeve—that's all!** *"The cuff grips where you wish."*

EXPANDA CUFF LINKS

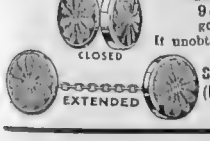
A sound job—not a toy.

Rolled Gold - **2/6** Double extension - **3/6**

Hand Enamelled **5/6** per pair.

9 ct. gold **30/-** per pair.

If unobtainable locally send direct. *Trade enquiries invited.*



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Sporting Prints.

The value to-day of old sporting prints is a matter of common knowledge. He is a wise collector who takes the opportunity to acquire, before they are exhausted, copies of the limited editions of prints after LIONEL EDWARDS, GILBERT HOLIDAY, IVESTER LLOYD, FRANK H. MASON, and other 'amous sporting artists of the present day.

Prices from One Guinea.

Particulars on application, but a personal visit is recommended.

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MOTOR NOTES

PROTECTION OR THE PLUNGE

BY E. M. WRIGHT

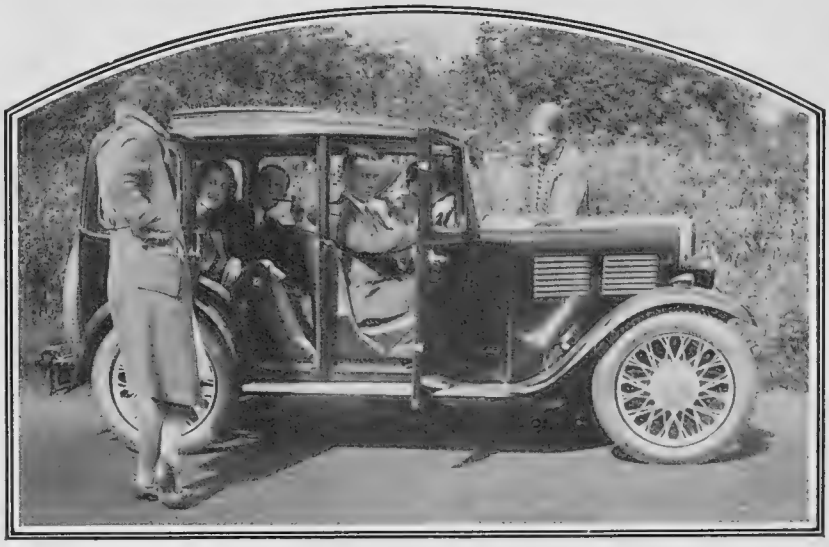
THE motor industry is the storm centre around which the fight between protectionists and freetraders is now so fiercely raging. But faced with practical evidence of the help afforded by the McKenna Duties rabid freetraders can only mouth academic shibboleths which have no bearing on modern conditions. Our motor industry to-day owes its very existence to Protection; and the most fervent freetrader who has ever sat in Parliament — the present Chancellor of the Exchequer, no less — dare not tamper with duties which have brought prosperity to what is rapidly becoming one of our most important manufacturing industries.

***

NO one can gainsay the wonderful growth of our motor industry since the War. No one can gainsay that it is one of the very few industries which have shown the slightest sign of expansion. Only the die-hard would deny that this development is the direct and immediate result of Protection. Yet Mr. Lloyd George would have us abolish the duties and forthwith capture world markets! Mr. Lloyd George is no die-hard, he is much too astute a politician to carry a fight to extremes. Nevertheless he is, at present, fighting the lost cause of Free Trade. But the more vehemently he pleads the more evident does it become that Protection alone will save the country. In criticising our failure to sell cars abroad he delivered what was in effect a more damning indictment of Free Trade than any yet made by an avowed protectionist. Our motor manufacturers, he said, do not apply their minds to capturing overseas markets. They are concerned only with building cars for the beautifully surfaced roads at home. In part this statement is true. But why?

***

BRITISH motor-car manufacturers have had to fight for their very lives against foreign competition in their own home market. They have been so deeply engrossed in maintaining a foothold in Britain itself that they have had perforce to neglect opportunities overseas. The cure is not, as Mr. Lloyd George would have us believe, to take away the duties, but to raise them still further, in order to ensure that in the home market at least the British manufacturer has a clear field for development. Manufacturers faced with ruthless competition at home cannot embark upon grandiose schemes of expansion abroad. But, given a home market which is theirs and theirs alone, they can direct their full energies towards capturing a larger share of the markets overseas.



The new Standard "Little Nine" and some of its admirers. As will be seen, this car can seat four persons with great comfort

***

CRITICISM of the McKenna Duties comes very ill from Mr. Lloyd George, since it was his Government which first imposed them. The Coalition Ministry built better than it knew. Those famous duties, originally intended merely to prevent the importation of what, at the time, were rightly regarded as luxuries, have been the means of building up a great industry. Mr. Lloyd George in his hey-day was not averse to Protection when the dangers which threatened British industry from abroad were neither so real nor so obvious as they are to-day. Why in his period of decline does he revert to the creed of his earlier days? Mr. Lloyd George has ceased to be a statesman and has once more become a firebrand politician.

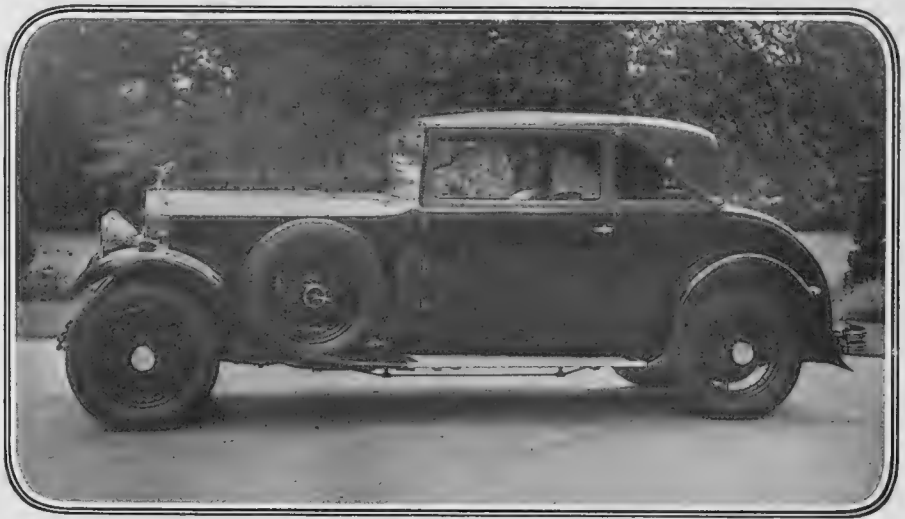
***

THE constant prayer of the motor manufacturer and of the motor user must always be: Save us from politics. We have suffered greatly from the doctrinaire obstinacy of men like Mr. Snowden who claim to be advanced thinkers, but who are, in fact, die-hard Tories; but we suffer still more from those whose point of view changes with every political wind that blows. It is the uncertainty which prevails throughout the world to-day which, more than anything else, prevents industrial revival, and for that uncertainty wild and irresponsible politicians are very largely to blame, for no one knows what the morrow may bring forth.

***

THE British motor industry needs tranquillity, freedom from political busy-bodies and, above all, freedom from devastating attacks from abroad. In a pamphlet, "Mass Production," reviewed in these columns recently, Sir Eric Geddes pointed the lesson which must be obvious to all save those who have a political axe to grind. If we are to compete with the world, he says, in effect, we must reorganise our industry on mass production lines. But such reorganisation is not possible so long as our manufacturers have daily to fight intensive competition from abroad, and the longer we delay the more crippling does that competition become.

(Continued on page 416)



The 20/25 h.p. Rolls-Royce coupé recently supplied to Capt. Oliver Bird, M.C., by Messrs. Pass & Joyce, Ltd. Attractively finished in black with grey top and light blue upholstery, the triangular window at the back lends it additional distinction

With half an hour to spare,

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The New LINCOLN is not "cheap"; but for what it is, what it does, what it looks, in even the best of company, it really is very, very conservatively priced.

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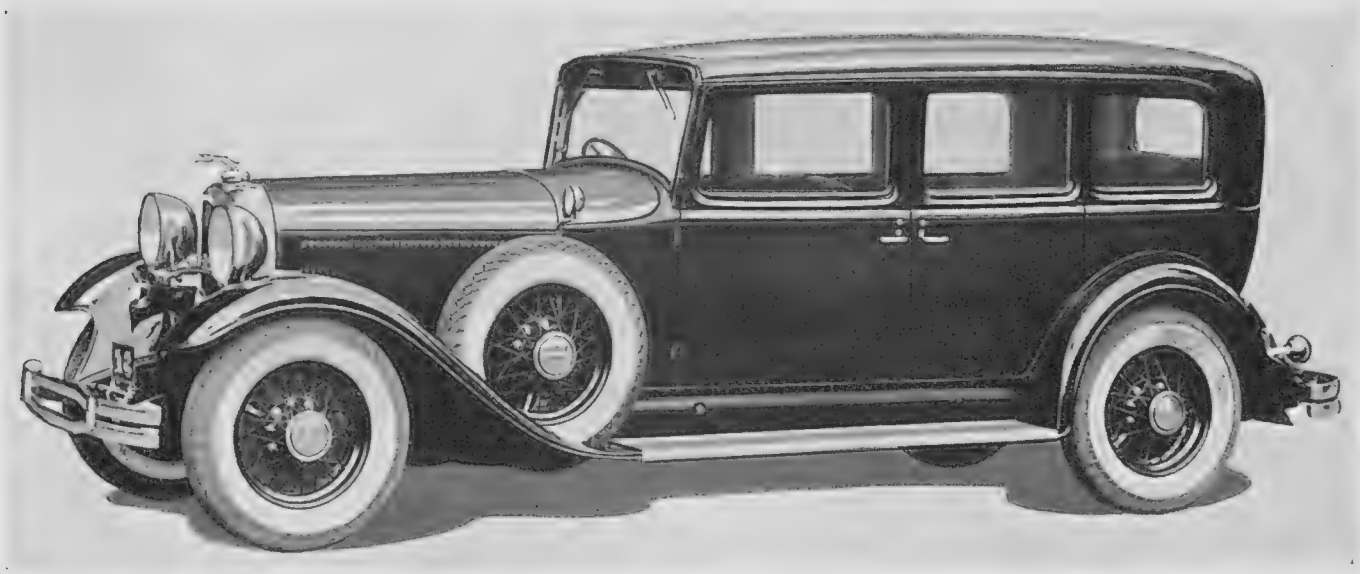

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MOTOR NOTES (continued from page 414)

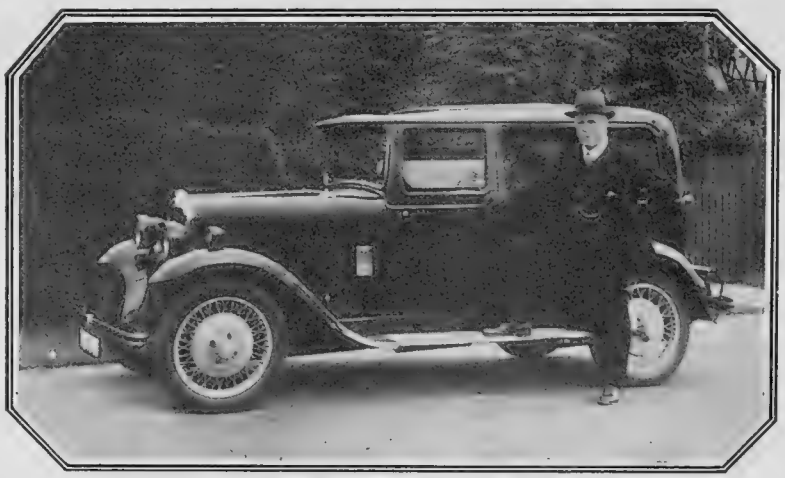
IN THE NEWS

The First 1932 Programme

A slogan I should like to see plastered all over Coventry is: "If you have a programme to announce, announce it early." A last-minute showing of hands may be very dramatic, but from the point of view of the user and of the seller it merely prolongs the agony of suspense. At the fag-end of the summer no one dare buy a car, since the announcement of a new model a week or so later will greatly depreciate its value. July and August are the dud months of the motor trade. The old motoring year is dying, and I, for one, would hurry it to its grave. Everyone awaits the dawn of the new motoring year, and the sooner that dawn breaks the better for everybody. This time dawn broke commendably early. The Standard Company was the first to announce its programme, and a most interesting one it is.

A new car, the "Little Nine," has been added to their 1932 range, which now comprises four models, the Twenty, selling at £325 for the coachbuilt saloon; the Sixteen; the Big Nine, costing £205; and the new Little Nine, which sells for only £155.

The Twenty and the Sixteen are lineal descendants of the Envoy and the Ensign, but with these changes in nomenclature are a number of important changes in specification. The 1932 version of the Big Nine also incorporates many improvements. The Twenty already had a four-speed gear box with silent third, but now both the Sixteen and the Big Nine will incorporate this refinement as part of the standard specification. The gear box on the Little Nine, although it only gives three speeds, has a constant mesh silent second, this being the first example of a silent second on a British car. All four models are fitted with petrol tanks at the rear.



Mr. Frank Pearce, who has just celebrated his seventieth birthday, has been motoring for twenty-eight years. He is seen beside his seventieth car, a 10 h.p. Singer Saloon

Chief interest naturally attaches to the new Little Nine. It is a luxury baby with a four-cylinder engine, paying only £9 tax. It will give a comfortable maximum speed of 56 m.p.h., with a petrol consumption of over 40 miles to the gallon. Two notable refinements are the provision of Bendix duo servo brakes on all four wheels, and four wide doors. Fabric bodywork has been entirely eliminated from the Standard range.

A Mixed Bag

Motorists may sometimes imagine that the job of a road patrol is a mere matter of routine, but, in fact, his life has endless exciting possibilities. Here are a few of the services rendered by A.A. patrols during the August Bank Holiday: a dangerous lunatic captured and brought back to the mental home from which he had escaped; two car thieves apprehended; two motorists chased to Gretna—not to prevent a romance, but merely to return lost luggage found by a patrol; a drowning boy rescued and revived by artificial respiration; runaway horses brought to a standstill; and blazing cars saved from destruction. In their spare time the patrols gave assistance to 7,000 members whose cars had either suffered minor breakdowns or were stranded through lack of petrol or oil, whilst they answered nearly 300,000 enquiries.

A Minor's Feat at Brooklands

It looks as though the war between Babies and Midgets may be intensified shortly by the appearance in the lists of a sporting Minor. For at Brooklands the other day a supercharged, side-valve Morris Minor averaged just over 100 m.p.h. for the mile in two runs in opposite directions. Over the flying kilometre it was timed to do a maximum of 104 m.p.h., and averaged nearly 102 m.p.h. for the two runs. This Minor was not, of course, a standard £100 production, but was equipped with the standard cylinder block and pistons.

E. M. W.

Ashore or afloat . . .
you'll find KIA-ORA
LEMON OR ORANGE

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Make it your meal-time beverage; offer it to your guests at lunch, dinner and supper.

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Where we complete our service

On the other floors at Austin Reed's in Regent Street a man can get all he wants in the way of clothes — whether it be a dress-suit for a dance that evening or a tropical outfit to equip him for a career at the far end of the world. But the Austin Reed conception of service does not end there.

It is on the Lower Ground Floor that we complete our service. Here is our Leather Department, where you can get everything from a case for your hairbrushes to a wardrobe trunk. And our Barber's Shop — with its twenty-four chairs, its Bacterol Plant where every hair-brush, shaving-brush and comb is sterilised after it has been used once only. Here are the Bath and Changing Rooms—with valets always in attendance, to press your clothes while you are bathing, to pack your suitcase for you. Here is the Reception Lounge where you can await your friends. Near to it are the Theatre Ticket Bureau — where seats will be booked for you at any show in town — and the Tobacco Kiosk, where the visitor from overseas can get his favourite cigarettes as easily as the accepted English brands.

On the Lower Ground Floor, too, is our hat shop. We have very definite views on hat shops . . . not only do we insist that the choice in hats should be exceptionally wide and the hats of irreproachable quality and style but the shop itself must be well-lighted, well-mirrored and spacious. And here we have carried out to the full this ideal of what a hat shop should be.

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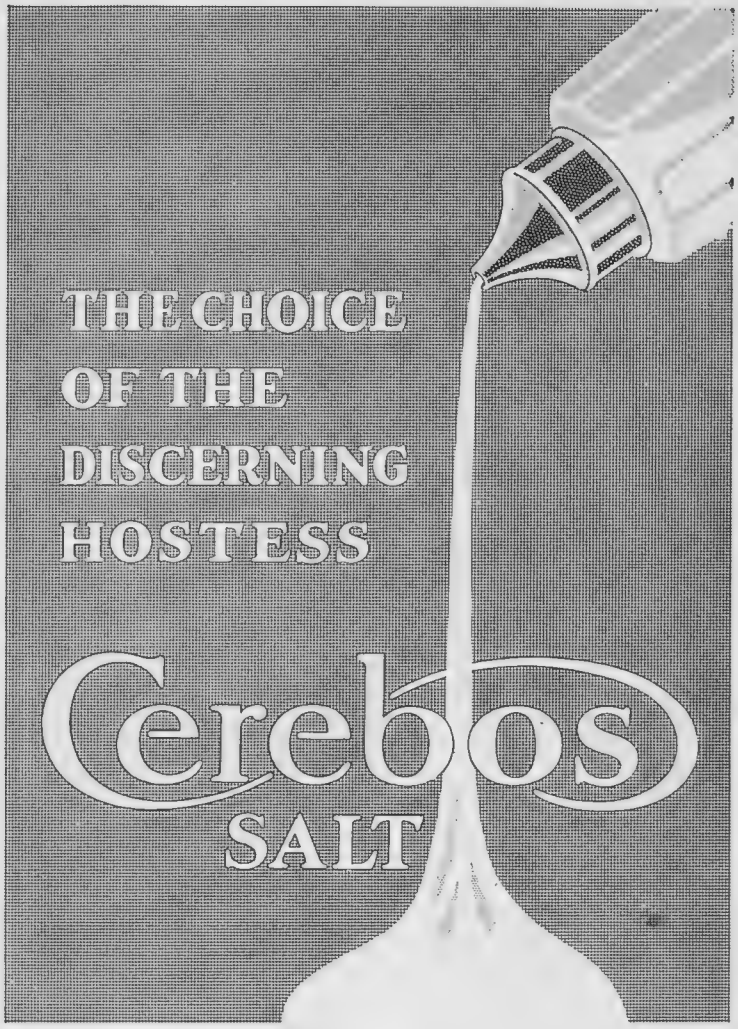

Before Breakfast, Drink Hot Water and Lemon

Flush Stomach and Intestines of Excess Acid and Gassy Waste Matter

The whole country is taking to drinking hot water and lemon juice every morning. It is one of the wisest health practices ever established. It washes out the stomach and intestinal tract and makes us internally clean.

Most of us are only half ourselves, only 50 per cent. efficient because of a foul condition of the intestines. Due to our sedentary habits and unnatural eating our intestines become slow and sluggish and fail to move out the waste matter in time. It putrefies within us and sets up toxins or poisons that are absorbed by the system and cause a state of auto-intoxication or self-poisoning. This results in acidity, acid-indigestion, bad breath, coated tongue, sick headaches, irritability, lassitude, and sleeplessness.

Any person who is not feeling up to par should begin drinking hot water with the juice of half a lemon every morning upon rising. It is well to add to this a tablespoonful of Kutnow's Saline Powder, for this improves the action of both the water and lemon juice. Kutnow's Powder is a famous, natural saline-alkaline aperient that has been used for years to reduce acidity and combat putrefaction in the gastro-intestinal canal. It makes a delightful effervescent drink that anyone will relish.

Get about four ounces from your chemist and take it regularly every morning for a week. See what a difference in your physical condition even in so short a time. Mark the better appetite you have and the improved digestion. Note the new strength and energy you feel. It's really marvellous the difference when one is internally clean. Just ask your chemist for Kutnow's Powder. Four ounces is enough to make a conclusive test.

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E.724.—Charming three-cornered **Hat**, copy of Patou, in Soft Blue Felt and trimmed with Green and Blue Feathers. Also in Coral, Blue, and other lovely colours. **Price** **3 Gns.**

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A FASHIONABLE AUTUMN COAT

A collection of particularly interesting autumn and winter coats have been assembled in the salons of Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge. Miniature tucks assume an important rôle on this model; they impart an indelible cachet to the sleeves as well as to the collar, the charm of which is increased with mink

VICTORIAN FEATURES

Expressed in FLOWERS, THE HIGH COLLAR WITH GLADSTONE EFFECT, SIMULATED BOLEROS AND PETER PAN COLLARS

Many variations on the frock above will be seen at the modish functions as the season advances. It is expressed in velvet of a lovely violet shade. In it many features of the Victorian era are present

Re-creation of Old-world Modes

Long will August, 1931, be remembered as the time when the great Paris dress houses made a feature of the re-creation of old-world modes. Evening dresses lend themselves to adaptation, but frocks and their accessories for sports and country wear cannot be influenced by them. Women are far too sensible to have their movements handicapped.

The Power of Flowers

Flowers will be requisitioned to form many of the Victorian notes about which everyone is talking. For instance, the much-modified bustle will be represented with a large massed cushion of blooms from which will fall tendrils and sprays. The straight frock will have the line of the pannier expressed in banksia roses and other small flowers. The polonaise effect will be seen in flowers, and so will the turned-up washerwoman's skirt. To put the matter in a nutshell, perfectly plain dresses, that are really most sophisticated affairs on account of their godets and insertions that are cleverly dovetailed together, will possess many Victorian notes written in flowers. There are some who believe that later on feathers will take the place of flowers.

The High Collar

It was at the Grand Prix that the high collar was revived, not much was said about it at the time, the weather was hot and the wearers did not seem to be very comfortable. It has been seen at many of the Parisian Openings; it is more often than not fastened with tiny buttons in front, and may be turned back forming a Gladstone effect if desired. Peter Pan collars are another revival; sometimes they are carried out in the same material as the dress, while at others they are of piqué, georgette or lace. Many of the sleeves are finished with neat white bands. By-the-bye, in this connection it must be related that there is a decided feeling for sleeves of the epaulette genre.

Concerning Knit Wear

It is really impossible to differentiate between knit wear and tweeds, and this is a matter for congratulation. Among the novelties of the season are the tartan waistcoats in a variety of colour schemes; they look so smart in conjunction with a heather mixture tweed suit of a rather sombre hue. Another novelty is the jumpers with woven-in boleros of a contrasting colour. They also look well in black and white. It must be mentioned that these jumpers are finished with a "ribbed" band, which has a particularly slimming effect. A conceit that has aroused much discussion is a spade-shaped vest outlined with a narrow frill, a frill usurps the place of a turn-over collar. Little accessories of the monkey jacket genre have also their rôles to play.

The frock above shows the characteristic features of the Victorian era in a more exaggerated form. Note the long skirt, tight-fitting bodice, basque and modified epaulette sleeves

A Novelty

An amusing novelty is an organdi square showing a faint checked design; it is available in many colour schemes, and can be arranged in the same manner as a scarf. It looks exceedingly smart with tailor-mades.

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Filet de Bœuf à la Contadina.

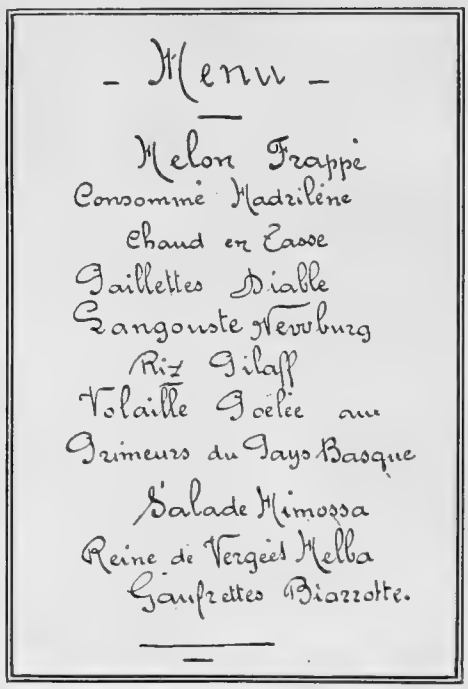
Bananes au Rhum.

Anchois sur Croûtes.

Desert. Café.

Soles au Vin Blanc

Trim two fair-sized soles, and cut each in two across. Put some butter in a sauté-pan, sprinkle over with two small chopped shallots, and place the soles in; season with pepper and salt and a little mace, moisten with a glass of white wine (Sauterne or Chablis) and a gill of fish stock. Cover with a buttered paper and cook in a moderate oven for about ten minutes. When done take up the fish and keep it hot on a dish. Reduce the fish liquor a little, add to it a gill of Béchamel sauce and a few drops of lemon-juice, also the chopped ends of six mushrooms. Boil up and strain over the fish. Toss the heads of the mushrooms in butter and garnish with these.



The menu of an attractive dinner served at the Hotel Miramar in Biarritz. The Mayor of that town presided over the dinner

Filet de Bœuf à la Contadina

Take about 3 lbs. of the undercut of sirloin of beef, trim off the fat and the thin skin next to it, lard it with fat bacon and tie it up with string. Put a slice of bacon into a casserole dish; on this place the fillet, larded side uppermost, surround it with two carrots and an onion cut small, a bunch of sweet herbs and some parsley; add whole pepper, salt and two or three cloves. Moisten with a little good stock and some tomato sauce. When the meat is done, strain off the sauce and skim off all fat. Dress some boiled spaghetti with this sauce, adding grated cheese and a good piece of butter, garnish the beef with it, and serve very hot.

Bananes au Rhum

Peel six large bananas, cut them across in thick slices; put an ounce and a half of butter in a stewpan, and when it is melted throw in the bananas. There should be just enough butter to moisten and soak into the fruit. Drain away any butter there may be left, then stir in two good tablespoonfuls of castor sugar. Heat a gill of thick cream and add to it a tablespoonful of rum. When the bananas are sufficiently cooked in the butter, stir in the cream and rum. Draw the pan to the side of the fire, and be careful it does not boil after the cream has been added. Mix quickly, and serve hot with sponge rusks.

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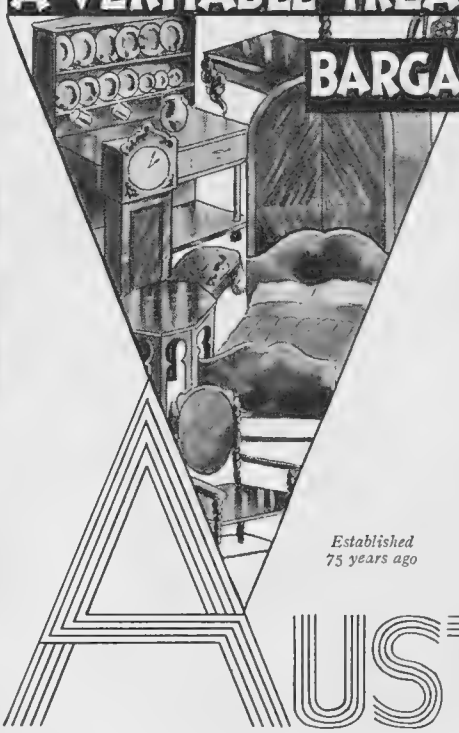

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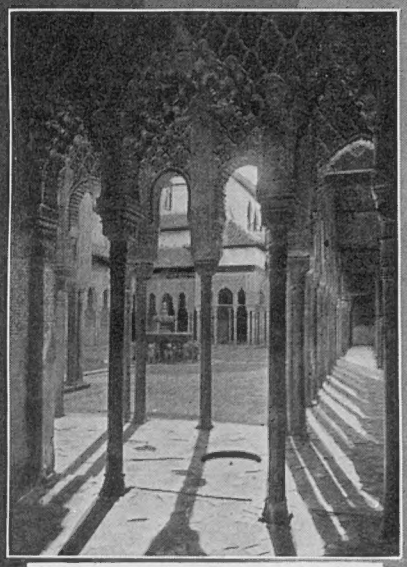
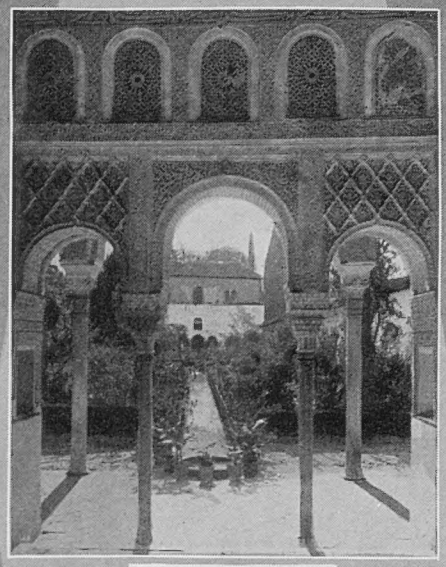
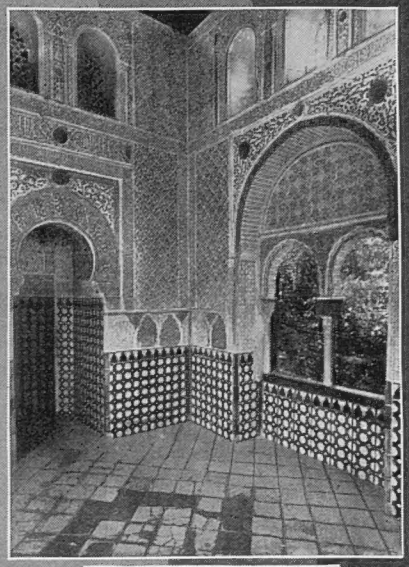


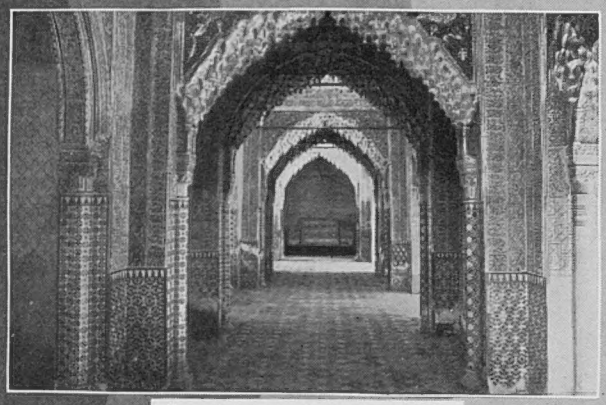
Granada The Alhambra. Courtyard of the Lions.



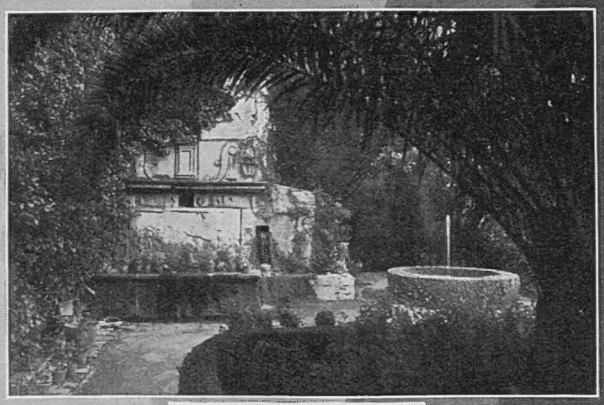
Granada. The Generalife.



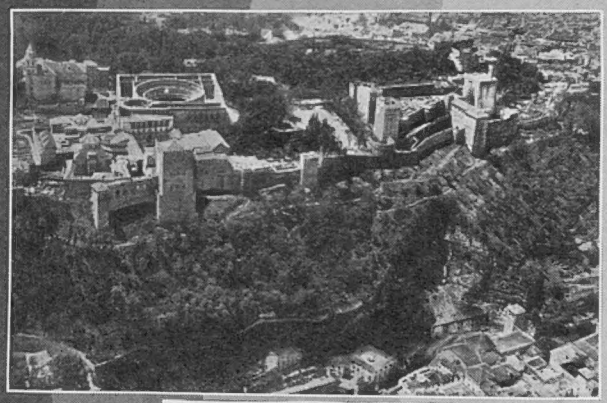
Granada (Alhambra). The Mosque.



Granada (Alhambra). Chamber of Justice.



Granada. The Alhambra Gardens.



Granada. Panoramic view of Alhambra.

Granada. The Alhambra and Sierra Nevada from St. Cristobal.

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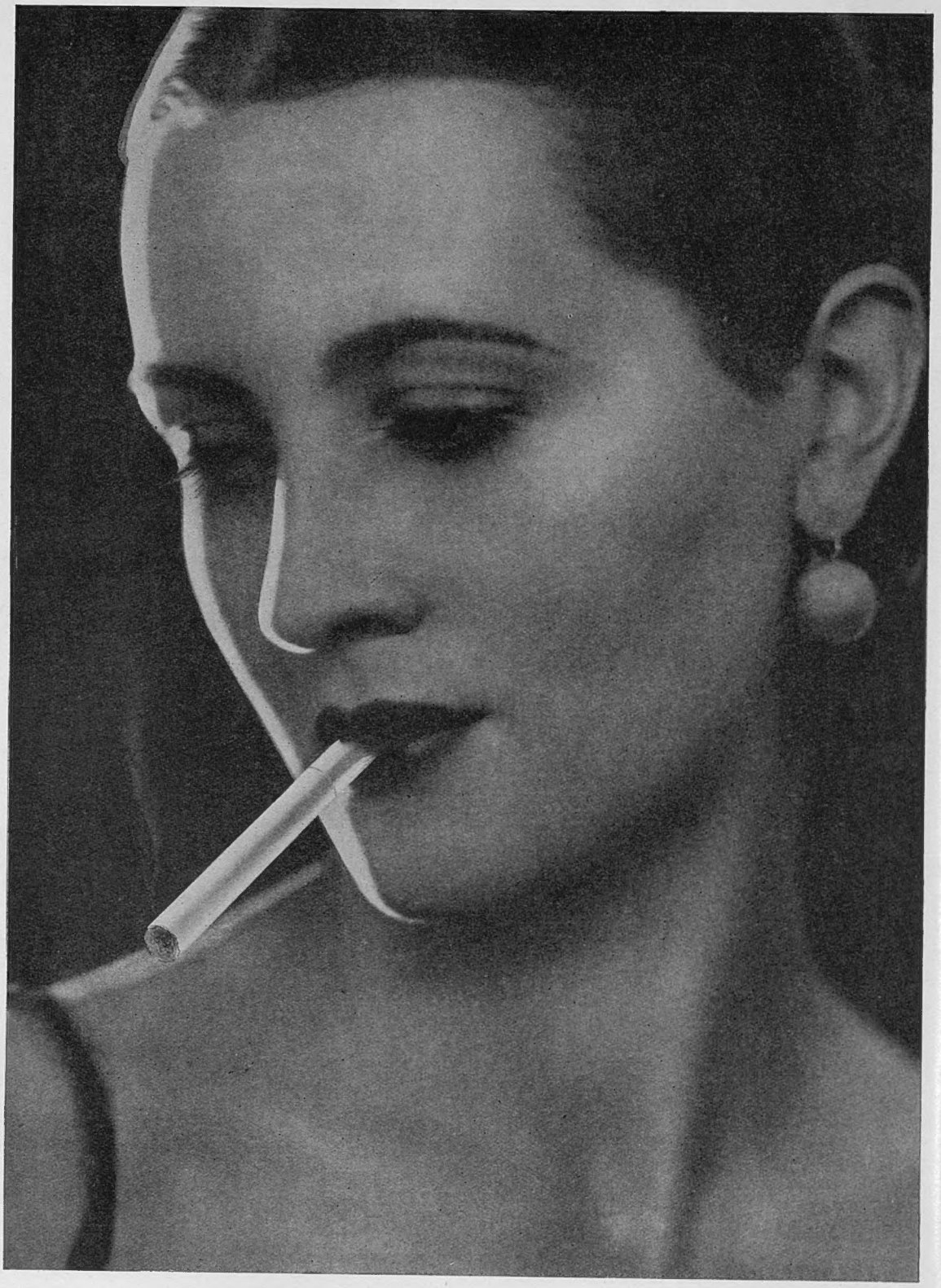

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CRISIS at Carthage . . .

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"BLACK IVORY" by *C. Fox Smith*
"THE SPIDER AND BRUCE" by *Owen Archer*
"THE HAUT MONDE OF CROOKDOM" *by C. Patrick Thompson*
"A WOMAN OF PARTS" by *George Froxfield*
"STRATOPLANING WITH PICCARD" by *Ferdinand Tuohy*
"THE RACKETEERS" by *Dudley Sturrock*
"CRISIS AT CARTHAGE" by *Fletcher Allen*
"THE STORY OF CAGLIOSTRO, THE LAST OF THE GREAT SORCERERS" *described by Norman Hill, painted by F. Matania, R.I.*
"FROM A 'PLANE DARKLY . . ." by *Hannen Swaffer*
"STARS—OR METEORS?" by *Sydney Tremayne*
"PARISIANA—WITHOUT TEARS!" by *Charles Graves*
"CHEAP DAY" by *Pamela Frankau*
"THE SNAKE CHARMERS" by *Eleanor Elsner*
A USEFUL ENSEMBLE FOR THE COUNTRY WOMAN OR GOLFER
"PLAN THEIR HOLIDAYS, TOO!" by *Carol Avis*
"NEW WAYS WITH FRUIT" by *A. M. Norton*
SWEETS FOR SPECIAL OCCASIONS
"ALTERNATIVES FOR AUGUST" by *A. H. Adair*

Barca sat where the elders had left him, sullen and apathetic, his sword where he had thrown it. On a low table before him was food and wine, the food untouched.

A lute-player sought to distract him. A dancer leaned against a porphyry column, waiting till he should be aware of her presence.

The General sat motionless, bent forward, his chin resting on the palm of his hand. His eyes beheld nothing, but his ears were strained for sound.

In the street he heard a quick command, a challenge, and the tread of approaching feet, at which he turned his head. The footsteps drew nearer, there were voices at the door. Presently, on the threshold, he saw Miriam, and Hasdrubal standing watchfully behind her.

Barca rose, but did not advance to meet her. From their distance they exchanged glances.

The girl watched, with slow horror, the light that began to fill his bloodshot eyes, the flush of triumph that brought colour to his cheeks.

His dry lips parted. He spoke in a croaking whisper.

"They made you see that no woman can be weighed against the city."

"That," she replied, "is a man's privilege. Should a woman betray, they have means to deal with her. But a man——"

He flung himself down the room to where she stood mocking him. His wiry old arms clutched at her for a moment.

"Untamed still, are you?" he whispered. "Well, let it be so."

Releasing her, he turned to the woman who had waited to amuse him.

"Here," he cried. "Take her away and have her fittingly adorned. And you, Hasdrubal," he added, turning to the captain, "lest she seek to evade me again, post your men by the doors."

Lethargy was gone from him. He struck a gong with his clenched fist, and hurried back to his chair, where he snatched a beaker of wine.

"Bring me music and dancers!" he cried, when one answered the gong. "And food and wine. Burn me sweet-smelling powders. Bring lights. Send a messenger to the walls and say that Barca is still the beloved of Baal and comes to save the city!"

If the slave laughed at the excitement of the old man, he waited till he could laugh in secret, but, standing at his post, like the good soldier he was, Hasdrubal shivered . . . .

IN "CRISIS AT CARTHAGE" by Fletcher Allen.

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